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JOHN BROWN, OR THE HOUSE IN THE MUIR.

*"Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Aethivi."*

**JOHN BROWN**, the Ayr, or, as he was more commonly designated by the neighbours, the Religious Carrier, had been absent during the month of January, 1685, from his home in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, for several days. The weather, in the meantime, had become extremely stormy, and a very considerable fall of snow had taken place. His only daughter, a girl of about eleven years of age, had frequently, during the afternoon of Saturday, looked out from the cottage door into the drift, in order to report to her mother, who was occupied with the nursing of an infant brother, the anxious occurrences of the evening.—“Help,” too, the domestic cur, had not remained an uninterested spectator of the general anxiety, but by several fruitless and silent excursions into the night, had given indisputable testimony that the object of his search had not yet neared the solitary shieling. It was a long, and a wild road, lying over an almost trackless muir, along which John Brown had to come; and the cart track, which even in better weather, and with the advantage of more day-light, might easily be mistaken, had undoubtedly ere this become invisible. Besides, John had long been a marked bird, having rendered himself obnoxious to the “Powers that were,” by his adherence to the Sanquhar declaration, his attending field preachings, or as they were termed “conventicles,” his har-

bouring of persecuted ministers, and above all, by a moral, a sober, and a proverbially devout and religious conduct. In an age, when immorality was held to be synonymous with loyalty, and irreligion with non-resistance and passive obedience, it was exceedingly dangerous to wear such a character; and, accordingly, there had not been wanting information to the prejudice of this quiet and godly man. Clavers, who, ever since the affair of Drumclog, had discovered more of the merciless and revengeful despot, than of the veteran or hero, had marked his name, according to report, in his black list; and when once Clavers had taken his resolution and his measures, the Lord have mercy upon those against whom these were pointed. He seldom hesitated in carrying his plans into effect, although his path lay over the trampled and lacerated feelings of humanity. Omens, too, of an unfriendly and evil-boding import, had not been wanting in the cottage of John Brown to increase the alarm. The cat had mewed suspiciously, had appeared restless, and had continued to glare in hideous indication from beneath the kitchen bed. The death-watch, which had not been noticed since the decease of the gudeman's mother, was again, in the breathless pause of listening suspense, heard to chick distinctly; and the cock, instead of crowing, as on ordinary occasions, immediately before day-dawn, had ori-

ginated a sudden and an alarming flap of his wings, succeeded by a fearful scream, long before the usual bed-time. It was a gloomy crisis ; and after a considerable time spent in dark and despairing reflection, the evening lamp was at last trimmed, and the peat-fire repaired into something approaching to a cheerful flame. But all would not do ; for whilst the soul within is disquieted and in suspense, all external means and appliances are inadequate to procure comfort, or impart even an air of cheerfulness. At last "Help" suddenly lifted his head from the hearth, shook his ears, sprung to his feet, and with something betwixt a growl and a bark, rushed towards the door, at which the "yird drift" was now entering copiously. It was, however, a false alarm. The cow had moved beyond the "hallan," or the mice had come into sudden contact and squeaked behind the rafters. John, too, it was reasoned betwixt mother and daughter, was always so regular and pointed in his arrivals, and this being Saturday night, it was not a little or an insignificant obstruction which could have prevented him from being home, in due time, at least, for family-worship. His cart, in fact, had usually been pitched up with the trams supported against the peat-stack, by two o'clock of the afternoon ; and the evening of his arrival from his weekly excursion to Ayr, was always an occasion of affectionate intercourse, and more than ordinary interest. Whilst his disconsolate wife, therefore, turned her eyes towards her husband's chair, and to the family Bible, which lay in a "bole" within reach of his hand, and at the same time listened to the howling and intermitting gusts of the storm, she could not avoid, it was not in nature that she should, contrasting her present with her former situation ; thus imparting even to objects of the most kindly and comforting association, all the livid and darkening hues of her disconsolate mind. But there is a depth and a reach in true and genuine piety, which the plummet of sorrow may never measure. True religion sinks into the heart as the refreshing dew does into the chinks and the crevices of the dry and parched soil ; and the very fissures of affliction, the cleav-

ings of the soul, present a more ready and inviting, as well as efficient access, to the softening influence of piety.

This poor woman began gradually to think less of danger, and more of God, to consider as a set-off against all her fruitless uneasiness, the vigilance and benevolence of that powerful Being, to whom, and to whose will, the elements, in all their combinations and relations, are subservient ; and having quieted her younger child in the cradle, and intimated her intention by a signal to her daughter, she proceeded to take down the family Bible, and to read out in a soft, and subdued, but most devout and impressive voice, the following lines :—

"I waited for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear ;—  
At length to me he did incline,  
My voice and cry to hear !"

These two solitary worshippers of Him whose eyes are on the just, and whose ear is open to their cry, had proceeded to the beginning of the fourth verse of this psalm, and were actually employed in singing with an increased and increasing degree of fervour and devotion, the following trustful and consolatory expressions—

"Oh blessed is the man, whose trust  
Upon the Lord relies,"

when the symphony of another and a well-known voice was felt to be present, and they became at once assured that the beloved object of their solicitude had joined them, unseen and unperceived, in the worship. This was felt by all to be as it ought to have been ; nor did the natural and instinctive desire to accommodate the weary and snow-covered traveller with such conveniences and appliances as his present condition manifestly demanded, prevent the psalm singing from going on, and the service from being finished with all suitable decency. Having thus, in the first instance, rendered thanks unto God, and blessed and magnified that mercy which pervades, and directs, and over-rules every agent in nature, no time was lost in attending to the secondary objects of inquiry and manifestation ; and the kind heart overflowed, whilst the tongue and the hand were busied in "answer meet" and "in accommodation suitable."



In all the wide range of Scotland's muirs and mountains, straths and glens, there was not to be found this evening a happier family than that over which John Brown, the religious carrier, now presided. The affectionate inquiries and solicitous attentions of his wife, of his partner trusty and tried, not only under the cares and duties of life,—but in the faith, in the bonds of the Covenant, and in all that similarity of sentiment and apprehension upon religious subjects, without which no matrimonial union can possibly ensure happiness,—were deeply felt and fully appreciated. They two had sat together in the "Torwood," listening to the free and fearless accents of excommunication, as they rolled in dire and in blasting destiny from the half-inspired lips of the learned and intrepid Mr. Donald Cargill. They had, at the risk of their lives, harboured for a season, and enjoyed the comfortable communion and fellowship of Mr. Richard Cameron, immediately previous to his death in the unfortunate rencounter at "Airmoss." They had followed into and out thro' the shire of Ayr, the zealous and eloquent Mr. John King, and that even in spite of the interdict of council, and after that a price had been set upon the preacher's head. Their oldest child had been baptised by a presbyterian and ejected minister under night, and in the midst of a wreath of snow, and the youngest was still awaiting the arrival of an approved servant of God to receive the same sanctified ordinance. And if at times a darker thought passed suddenly across the disk of their sunny hearts, and if the cause of a poor persecuted remnant, the interests of a reformed, and suffering, and bleeding church, supervened in cloud upon the general quietude and acquiescence of their souls, this was instantly relieved and dispersed by a deeper, and more sanctified, and more trustful tone of feeling. Whilst amidst the twilight beams of prophecy, and the invigorating exercise of faith, the heart was disciplined and habituated into hope and reliance and assurance! And if at times the halloo, and the yells, and the clatter of persecution, were heard upon the hill-side, or up the glen, where the Covenanters' cave was discovered,

and five honest men were butchered under a sunny morning, and in cold blood,—and if the voice of Clavers, or of his immediate deputy in the work of bloody oppression, "Red Rob," came occasionally in the accents of vindictive exclamation, upon the breeze of evening; yet hitherto the humble "COTTAGE IN THE MUIR" had escaped notice, and the tread and tramp of man and horse had passed mercifully, and almost miraculously by. The general current of events closed in upon such occasional sources of agitation and alarm, leaving the house in the muir in possession of all that domestic happiness, and even quietude, which its retirement and its inmates were calculated to ensure and to participate.

Early next morning, the cottage of John Brown was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, with Clavers at their head. John, who had probably a presentiment of what might happen, urged his wife and daughter to remain within doors, insisting that as the soldiers were, in all likelihood, in search of some other individual, he should soon be able to dismiss them. By this time the noise, occasioned by the trampling and neighing of horses, commingled with the hoarse and husky laugh and vociferations of the dragoons, had brought John, half-dressed and in his night-cap, to the door. Clavers immediately accosted him by name; and in a manner peculiar to himself, intended for something betwixt the expression of fun and irony, he proceeded to make inquiries respecting one "Samuel Aitkin, a godly man, and a minister of the word, one outrageously addicted to prayer, and occasionally found with the sword of the flesh in one hand, and that of the spirit in the other, disseminating sedition, and propagating disloyalty amongst his Majesty's lieges." John admitted at once that the worthy person referred to was not unknown to him, asserting, however, at the same time, that of his present residence or place of hiding, he was not free to speak.—"No doubt, no doubt," rejoined the questioner; "you, to be sure, know nothing!—how should you, all innocence and ignorance as you are? But here is a little chip of the old block, which may probably recollect better,

and save us the trouble of blowing out her father's brains, just by way of making him remember a little more accurately." "You, my little farthing rush-light," continued "Red Rob,"\* alighting from his horse, and seizing the girl rudely, and with prodigious force by the wrists,—“you remember an old man with a long beard and a bald head, who was here a few days ago, baptizing your sister, and giving many good advices to father and mother, and who is now within a few miles of this house, just up in a nice snug cave in the glen there, to which you can readily and instantly conduct us, you know?” The girl looked first at her mother, who had now advanced into the door way, then at her father, and latterly drooped her head, and continued to preserve a complete silence. “And so,” continued the questioner, “you are dumb; you cannot speak; your tongue is a little obstinate or so, and you must not tell family secrets.—But what think you, my little chick, of speaking with your fingers, and having a pat, and a proper, and a pertinent answer just ready, my love, at your finger ends, as one may say. As the Lord lives, and as my soul lives, but this will make a dainty nosegay” (displaying a thumbkin or finger screw) “for my sweet little Covenanter; and then” (applying the instrument of torture, meanwhile, and adjusting it to the thumb) “you will have no manner of trouble whatever in recollecting yourself; it will just come to you like the lug of a stoup, and don't knit your brows so,” (for the pain had become insufferable) “then we shall have you quite chatty and amusing, I warrant.” The mother, who could stand this no longer, rushed upon the brutal executioner, and with expostulations, threats, and the most impassioned entreaties, endeavoured to relax the questioner's twist. “Can you, mistress, recollect any thing of this man we are in quest of?” resumed Clavers, haughtily—“It may save

\* “Red Rob,” the “Bothwell,” probably, of “Old Mortality,” was, in fact, the right-hand man of Clavers on all occasions, and has caused himself long to be remembered amidst the peasantry of the West of Scotland, not only by the dragoon's red cloak which he wore, but still more by his hands, crimsoned in the blood of his countrymen!

us *both* some trouble, and your daughter a continuance and increase of her present suffering, if you will just have the politeness to make us acquainted with what you happen to know upon the subject.” The poor woman seemed for an instant to hesitate; and her daughter looked most piteously and distractedly into her countenance, as if expectant and desirous of respite, thro' her mother's compliance. “Woman!” exclaimed the husband, in a tone of indignant surprise, “hast thou so soon forgot thy God? and shall the fear of any thing which man can do, induce thee to betray innocent blood?” He said no more; but he had said enough, for from that instant the whole tone of his wife's feelings was changed, and her soul was wound up, as if by the hand of Omnipotence, into resolution and daring. “Bravo!” exclaimed the arch Persecutor, “Bravo! old Canticles, thou wordst it well; and so you three pretty innocents have laid your holy heads together, and you have resolved to die, should it so please God and us, with a secret in your breast, and a lie in your mouth, like the rest of your psalm-singing, hypocritical, canting sect, rather than discover guid Mr. Aitkin!—pious Mr. Aitkin!—worthy Mr. Aitkin!—But we shall try what light this little telescope of mine will afford upon the subject, pointing at the same time to a carbine or holster pistol, which hung suspended from the saddle of his horse. This cold frosty morning required that one,” continued Clavers, “should be employed, were it for no other purpose than just to gain heat by the exercise. And so, old Pragmatical, in order that you may not catch cold by so early an exposure to the keen air, we will take the liberty,” (hereupon the whole troop gathered round, and presented muskets) “for the benefit of society, and for the honour and safety of the King,—never to speak of the glory of God and the good of souls,—simply and uncere- moniously, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner imaginable to *blow out your brains.*” John Brown dropt down instantly, and as it were instinctively upon his knees, whilst his wife stood by in seeming composure,—and



his daughter had happily become insensible to all external objects and transactions whatever.—“What!” exclaimed Clavers, “and so you must pray too, to be sure, and we shall have a last speech and a dying testimony lifted up in the presence of peat stacks, and clay walls, and snow wreaths; but as these are pretty staunch and confirmed loyalists, I do not care though we intrust you with five minutes of devotional exercise, provided you steer clear of King, Council, and Richard Cameron—so proceed, good John, but be short and pithy—My Lambs are not accustomed to long prayers, nor will they readily soften under the pathetic whining of your devotions.” But in this last surmise Clavers was for once mistaken; for the prayer of this poor and uneducated man ascended that morning in expressions at once so earnest, so devout, and so overpoweringly pathetic, that deep silence succeeded at last to oaths and ribaldry; and as the following concluding sentences were pronounced, there were evident marks of better and relenting feelings—“And now, guid Lord,” continued this death doomed and truly Christian sufferer, “since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and since it is thy good and rightful pleasure, that I should serve thee better and love thee more elsewhere, I leave this puir widow woman, with the helpless and fatherless children, upon thy hands. We have been happy in each other here, and now that we are to part for a while, we maun e’en look forward to a more perfect and enduring happiness hereafter. And as for the puir blindfolded and infatuated creatures, the present ministers of thy will, Lord reclaim them from the error and the evil of their courses ere it be too late; and may they who have sat in judgment and in oppression in this lonely place, and on this blessed morning, and upon a puir, weak, defenceless fellow-creature, find that mercy at last from thee which they have this day refused to thy unworthy but faithful servant.—Now, Isbel,” continued this defenceless and amiable Martyr, “the time is come at last, of which, you know, I told you on that day, when first I proposed to unite heart and hand with yours; and

are you willing, for the love of God and his rightful authority, to part with me thus?” To which the poor woman replied, with perfect composure, “The Lord gave, and he taketh away. I have had a sweet loan of you, my dear John, and I can part with you for his sake, as freely as ever I parted with a mouthful of meat to the hungry, or a night’s lodging to the weary and benighted traveller.” So saying she approached her still kneeling and blindfolded husband, clasped him round the neck, kissed and embraced him closely, and then lifting up her person into an attitude of determined endurance, and eyeing from head to foot every soldier who stood with his carbine levelled, she retired slowly and firmly to the spot she had formerly occupied. “Come, come, let’s have no more of this whining work,” interrupted Clavers suddenly. “Soldiers! do your duty.”—But the words fell upon a circle of statues; and tho’ they all stood with their muskets presented, there was not a finger which had power to draw the fatal trigger. There ensued an awful pause, through which a “God Almighty bless your tender hearts,” was heard coming from the lips of the *now* agitated and almost distracted wife. But Clavers was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with disobedience. So extracting a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and then walking firmly and slowly up through the circle close to the ear of his victim \* \* \* \* \*

There was a momentary murmur of discontent and disapprobation amongst the men as they looked upon the change which a single awful instant had effected; and even “Red Rob,” though a covenanting slug still stuck smartingly in his shoulder, had the hardihood to mutter, loud enough to be heard, “By God, this is too bad. The widow of John Brown gave one, and but one shriek of horror as the fatal engine exploded; and then, addressing herself leisurely, as if to the discharge of some ordinary domestic duty, she began to unfold a napkin from her neck. “What think ye, good woman, of your bonny man now?” vociferated Clavers, returning, at the same time, the pistol,

with a plunge, into the holster from which it had been extracted.—“I had always good reason,” replied the woman, firmly and deliberately, “to think weel o’ him, and I think mair o’ him now than ever. But how will Graham of Claverhouse account to God and man for this morning’s work?” continued the respondent firmly.—“To man,” answered the ruffian, “I can be answerable; and as to God, I will take him in my own hands.” He then marched off, and left her with the corpse. She spread the napkin leisurely upon the snow, gathered up the scattered fragments of her husband’s head, covered his body with a plaid, and sitting down with her youngest and yet unbaptised infant, wept bitterly.

The cottage, and the kail-yard, and the peat-stack, and the whole little establishment of John Brown, the religious carrier, have long disappeared from the heath and the muir; but the little spot, within one of the windings of the burn, where the “House in the Muir” stood, is still green, amidst surrounding heath; and in the very centre of that spot there lies a slab, or flat stone, now almost covered over with grass, upon which, with a little clearing away of the moss from the faded characters, the following rude but expressive lines may still be read:—

“Clavers might murder godly Brown,  
“But could not rob him of his crown;  
“Here in this place from earth he took his departure,  
“Now he has got the garland of the Martyr.”

#### RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC, AND HIS FIVE WISHES.—NO. IV.\*

(European Magazine.)

##### ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

“I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great beight in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; \* \* \* \* it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more impregnated with earth and cinders. \* \* \* \* A black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out of a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger.”

*Pliny the Younger to Cornelius Tacitus.*

**L**EVINUS LEMNIUS, in his treatise on Complexions, relates that a young nobleman of the court of Charles V. being condemned to die, during the night succeeding the passing of his sentence, was changed from the bloom of youth to the extremest haggardness of old age; so that his most intimate relatives knew not the handsome courtier in the decrepid, wasted, and hoary-headed figure that stood before them. Such were the effects of fear anticipating dissolution: but we are told by that veritable historian Eckstormius, of one who, having been lost in some of the haunted caverns of the Harz Forest, was so tormented by the spirits and demons of that place, as to come out from thence grey and aged, altho’ but a few days before he had entered it in the prime of manhood: such were the effects of look-

ing upon sights and creatures, above the powers of human nature. I can readily conceive the truth of these histories, although they may appear to many to be composed of that kind of romantic incident, which common minds imagine to border upon falsehood; for the sights which I had witnessed had so altered me, that even my most intimate friends could scarcely have discovered the young and handsome Raymond Mortlake, in the wan emaciated figure which I now presented. The characters of an impetuous and somewhat supercilious youth, which my face bore when I first left Zetland, were the only traits of feature that remained to me; for the dreadful visions, which first I looked upon, had fixed that glance of wildness and impetuosity; and the spirits, with whom I had so fortuitously associated, had imparted somewhat of their own malignantly-smiling looks to my already sarcastic countenance. As for all the rest, the luxuriant raven locks, the ruddy cheek, the fair bright eye, and the light step of youth,—they were gone:—as irrevocably gone, as if I had for ages been the prisoner of the grave! My hair had either fallen off or turned to a “sable silver;” my cheek, sunken and extended, had

\* For the three first Nos. see *Ath.* vol. 11, pp. 209, 304, 350.



changed to a pale and fadeless brown ; my eyes, although perchance more piercing than before, had retired deep into their sockets, and shone only with a wan sepulchral brightness ; and my light springing step was altered into a slow and silent pace, while my arms were crossed, and my dejected looks were fixed upon the ground. Oh ! in very truth, the description, which a modern poet has given of a wandering and unhappy Palmer, was as perfectly my resemblance, as if at this period of my life I had furnished the picture.

" His eye look'd haggard wild ;  
 Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,  
 If she had been in presence there  
 In his wan face, and sun-burned hair,  
 She had not known her child.  
 Danger, long travel, want and woe  
 Soon change the form that best we know—  
 For deadly fear can time outgo,  
 And blanch at once the hair ;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
 More deeply than despair."

Under these unhappy circumstances, a milder sky and a more cheerful scene than those which either my own country of Zetland, or the bleak atmosphere of the Brocken mountain could furnish, became every day more and more essential ; and the climate of Italy, while it seemed to promise the reviviscency of my decayed frame, seemed also to hold out to me the gratification of a fourth of my romantic wishes, the desire to descend into the crater of a burning mountain, and to behold that crater pouring forth its dreadful contents to the upper air. It seemed, as the Scottish covenanters of the seventeenth century used frequently to declare of their own internal feelings "to be borne in upon my soul" that I should not pass away from time to eternity, until I had seen all that my wayward imagination led me to desire ; and I therefore yielded without hesitation to that advice, which pointed to Italy as my next residence, conscious that in following it, I at once consulted my own desires and fulfilled my future destiny. Hitherto the rapidity, with which the gratification of one wish had succeeded to another, had left me but little time free from that violent excitement of mind which I have described in my last paper, or for noting down

the very extraordinary scenes which I had witnessed ; but now, years elapsed before I enjoyed the completion of my next adventure. It is true, that during this period I met with many lesser circumstances of great interest, but one of the chief objects of my remaining life was long delayed and protracted. The distant and laborious journey over land from Hanover to Torre del Greco, in the Gulph of Naples, I endured rather than delighted in ; and it was with great satisfaction that I found myself in a handsome casino belonging to the Conte de Lermia in that town, to whom I had been furnished with letters of introduction, from my friends both in France and Germany. A romantic man is never an undefined character ; for if he be of a reserved temper of mind, he will carry it to a great extreme ; and if he be of an enthusiastic disposition, he will endeavour to impart a portion of his warmth of feeling to all with whom he may associate. It is entirely according to the power of the passing circumstances, what spirit he shall assume : he is the chancellor of metaphysical faction, the truest barometer of the impressions of the soul. All this, which I have drawn from the most perfect and repeated experience, was often manifested to me, whilst I remained under the hospitable roof of Lorenzo di Lermia. If perchance, in the seasons of night and solitude, the calm serenity of an Italian sky, somewhat shrouded from its day glories, brought me again into that musing melancholy which had formerly continually remained about me, the engagements of the following day, literary, picturesque, or elegant as they might chance to be, and above all, the delightful and refined society I enjoyed at the Casino di Lermia, soon banished my calm sorrow, and I became an enthusiastic in joy. During the many years which I spent with the Conte, he grew perfectly well acquainted with the history of my former life, and the extravagant wishes which I had formed. It then seemed as it were, that he ardently desired to retain me with him, until I should have witnessed the wonders of Mount Vesuvius, at the foot of which his casino was situate. "What," he would say, when

I attempted to express my thanks for his hospitality, and persuade him to permit my departure; "what, shall you who have seen the most astonishing sights in three elements, and in three different nations, depart from a fourth unsatisfied? No, Signor Raymond; no, Caro Mio, it may not be. You are far from being a common character, and your curiosity is far from being a common curiosity. Italy will yet add another wonder to your catalogue, and believe me it would be a foul stain upon the house of Lermia, not to be proud of entertaining so interesting a stranger."

With these and similar words, did my amiable friend detain me with him from month to month and from year to year; but though in that time I made many a visit to Vesuvius, yet my mind was always impressed with the belief that a more remarkable one was yet to come. For some time previous to the terrific and devastating eruption of Vesuvius in 1794, the mountain was continually expected to burst into flame; for it acts as its own record, by the different courses of lava which appear upon its sides, and foretels its own seasons of inflammation, by a thousand circumstances, which they who are accustomed to watch its motions know well how to interpret. It was early in June 1794, that I determined to make another tour up Vesuvius; as for some time previous, all these signs which usually precede a tremendous explosion, had been particularly evident. The waters had decreased in the Wells of Torre del Greco; the sun and moon had appeared of an unusually red colour; the earth had uttered thundering sounds, and emitted slight volumes of smoke; and the mountain itself, although it had been particularly calm and clear for some time before, had yet occasionally sent up small tree-shaped clouds of smoke, and was now enwrapt in thick vapour for some distance beneath its crater. It was upon the evening before I ascended Vesuvius, that I was seated enjoying the beautiful moonlight in the veranda of the Casino de Lermia, surrounded by the Conte and Contessa, with several other persons of distinction and literature, when the conversation turned upon the com-

parative power of various feelings or passions on the mind of man. Some declared the passions of friendship, love or gratitude, to be the strongest; others asserted that ambition was more powerful; and a third class supposed, that each of these was inferior to the influence of wealth. For my own part, though I have experienced all these excepting the last, (which I praise Heaven is totally unknown to me,) I consider that none of them is equal to the sway of superstition. "It is," said I, when speaking in defence and illustration of my own argument, "it is a feeling which is so perfectly natural to man, that it would be found in him whether he were brought up in the wildest solitude, or in savage life, or in the most refined society. The philosopher thinks he destroys it by reason: but it is not so, he only deadens it, and a thousand minute but decisive circumstances would prove its existence in his breast. We have it, although we may not be continually aware of it, yet almost every incident of life calls it into action; and, if we were minutely to analyse our feelings upon any given subject, we should certainly find some tincture of it: some catching at slight matters, which we imagine make for our wishes, or are likely to overthrow them: some searching for omens of success, or tokens of failure. Nor is all this a curse to mankind, since it causes them to be attentive to every occurrence, by which means truth is often developed; and to remember actions long since passed, by which coincidences are often brought forward to illustrate the most material points, which might otherwise have been forgotten for ever. In ardent and enthusiastic minds, although the feeling of superstition act violently upon such flexible materials, it will produce many an amiable action, many a chivalric exploit, and give to the mind many a grand imaginative scene, or draw from it many a wild yet original idea; it will excite such an one to hazard all the dangers of all the elements, where it commands him to proceed, and to turn away from all that love could suggest, beauty display, riches bestow, or ambition offer, where it directs him to refrain. The



language of superstition too is one of her principal spells ; it is never weak nor inelegant, but it is always lofty, imperious, mystic and sublime. It is that, as well as her actions, which gives her such power over mankind that they listen to her as to a most potent deity, whose voice is thunder, and whose word is fate. You may indeed be assured, that however unwilling we may be to acknowledge it to others, or however desirous we may be to conceal it from ourselves, that superstition is ever in our thoughts : I doubt if Italy could furnish a more polished and enlightened society than that which I am now addressing ; but even here, if circumstances called this feeling into action, depend upon it that superstition would be found in the hearts of us all."

As I concluded this speech, much of which was excited rather by experience of myself than of the world in general, we heard the strings of a guitar struck under the veranda, and presently there advanced towards us a man of an aged appearance in a common peasant's dress. His hair, which was still flowing and curled, was of a silvery whiteness ; and his face, which had doubtless been peculiarly handsome in his youth, had not yet lost all its pretensions to beauty. "Servitore, Gentilomini," said the old man in a clear and musical voice, "will it please you to listen to Old Ricciardetto il Rimare, the Improvisatore of Torre del Greco ? What subject shall I take for my verses, noble Conte ?"

"Nay, I care not," said di Lermia, and then half smiling, he said, "Signor Raymond, there cannot be a more original one than yourself ; and besides it will try old Ricciardetto's improvisatorial skill, for he can scarcely have heard of such a romantic being before ; so listen, friend Minstrel, and I'll give you a subject for your rhymes. There is in Torre del Greco a young Signor of a most wild and romantic habit ; indeed, to such an excess has he carried this feeling, that he allows superstition to be predominant to every other passion ; he would visit the most hazardous and solitary parts of the world to gratify it ; and he can look with more

pleasure upon a haunted mine, or the most ghastly spectre, than upon an illuminated saloon, or the loveliest Donna of Naples."

"Alas for the unhappy Signor," replied Ricciardetto ; and after tuning his strings he remained for a few moments looking on the ground : then he suddenly turned his eyes upwards, and as the moon beam shot upon his face, I saw that it wore a smile of triumph : he now struck the wires of the guitar decidedly and proudly, and immediately after swept off into the following verses.

#### THE CURSE OF SUPERSTITION.

When from the thrones of bliss and life divine,  
By crimson lightnings followed Satan fell,  
No more the beauty of the morn to shine,  
No more in glory and delight to dwell,  
But live in fiercest pain, an awful sign,  
In all the dread eternity of hell.  
No late repentance woke his heart within  
But the vain hope of vengeance lured to sin.

Then writhing in his agony, he swore  
The deadliest hate to his almighty foe,  
Whose swift creating and destroying power  
Alike did that rebellious spirit know :  
Deeply he vowed amidst the Demon war  
Which filled the Pandemonium realms below,  
Still in opposing arms 'gainst Heaven to stand,  
And brave the terrors of the Almighty's hand.

When the young Sun sailed glowing up the skies,  
And Adam from the dust to life was brought,  
The fiend beheld with fiery-flashing eyes,  
And thus expressed the malice of his thought :  
"Behold my slave ! To me the prayers shall rise  
Of all this wide creation, which was wrought  
To glorify the great and thundering Lord,  
But I o'er all the earth will be adored."

And soon, by that accursed spirit's arts,  
From his fair Paradise was Adam thrown,  
His children plunged in guilt and death's keen darts,  
Till then alike undreaded and unknown,  
Launched round the hapless earth ; for sin imparts  
So swift its subtle poisons where 'tis sown,  
That tears of blood may weep throughout all time  
The fatal influence of an hour of crime.

What 'wails it now the record sad to trace  
Of man's deep sins and sorrows ? crimsoned Cain,—  
The thousand spots on nature's lovely face,—  
On her fair robe the deep and lasting stain,—  
The crimes that called the Deluge to erase  
From earth the form of man, and blot again  
This bright creation, till an alter'd scene  
Should rise unlike to that which erst had been.

And thou didst cause this change, accursed one,  
Thou chief of the apostates, thou didst send  
A fearful sprite on earth ; while time shall run  
Her boundless reign, and power shall never end.  
Oh, She hath many a hapless soul undone ;  
Aided by thy dark spells, remorseless fiend,

Pale superstition rode upon the wind,  
To kill, to curse, to conquer, and to bind.

She has had thousand victims, every land  
And every age have bowed before her shrine ;  
Ev'n they, who most in God's own heart did stand,  
His praise for Baal or Isis did resign :  
Incense and gifts from many a faithless hand  
Have blazed on altars with a name divine,  
When Superstition, 'twas to thee alone,  
Or to the Demons who support thy throne.

But chief o'er all, on ardent hearts and souls,  
Thy spells are scattered and thy chains are cast,  
Thy mystic power each act of life controls,  
Thy magic terrors half its pleasures blast :  
Woe, woe to them o'er whom thy thunder rolls.  
Woe, woe to them whom thou hast fettered fast,  
Nor hope nor joy hath Superstition's slave,  
'Tis death while yet he breathes, a living grave.

Yet deem ye not that ne'er to man is shewn  
The image of the future ; fate hath said,  
'Pass but a season and the land shall groan  
Beneath a fiery flood with drooping head.'  
Vesuvius roars for prey : soon shall be thrown  
A thousand terrors round, and flames shall spread  
O'er ruin'd streets to many a distant view,  
So heaven hath will'd, and time shall prove it true !

"Bravissimo," cried di Lermia, as the old minstrel concluded ; "bravo, Ricciardetto ; why you're not only an Improvisatore but a prophet ! How comes this ? How have you learned the secrets of the mountain, eh, friend rhymer ?"

"You shall hear, noble Lermia ; and you too, Signor, listen, for haply the tale may interest you ; and indeed, I doubt not, that you are he of whom the stranger of last night spake to me."

"What stranger ? What spake he ?" interrupted the Conte, "why this is as incomprehensible as thy prophecy."

"My lord," said Ricciardetto, "as I was last night sitting in my vineyard, and playing over, to my wife and young ones, the history of the last great eruption of Vesuvius, there came to me a tall man, of an olive-coloured Spanish complexion ; dressed in a long brown cloak, which he folded close about him ; and wearing upon his head a Spanish hat, flapped down upon his face, which darkened its own already swarthy features. As he drew near to us, he seemed to know the history which I was singing ; and without saluting me, said in good Italian, 'That explosion was a fatal one, but ere long you'll see a worse.' Amazed at the stranger's words, I answered, 'How in the name of the Virgin do you know this ?' 'Look to the signs on the mountain, and the

signs on the earth, and the signs in the air, and the signs in the water,' replied he ; 'look to them, and take care of yourself while you may. But it was not for this that I sought you ; you are, I believe Ricciardetto Il Rimare, by profession an Improvisatore ?' Having answered in the affirmative, he continued, 'to-morrow evening at this hour go to the casino of the Conte di Lermia, which stands near the Capuchin Monastery, at the foot of the mountain ; there offer to exercise your talent, and he will give you for a subject the "Power of Superstition." In the course of your verses, speak particularly of the signs of a dreadful eruption from Vesuvius, and tell them of their danger. It is probable that they will consider either you mad, or me an impostor ; but let that pass, and address yourself to one whom you shall find there from a remote island, and say, that by three hours after sun-rise on the following morning, I shall wait upon the heights of Vesuvius, alone.' I was about to speak, but the stranger looked sternly upon me, and said, 'interrupt me not, for the most imminent hazard will follow it. Say to the young Signor that which I have said to thee : bid him to follow his destiny and meet me, or remain in bitter and unavailing repentance for the rest of his life. Tell him as a token, that I have been with him in three elements, and that I wait to conduct him through a fourth ; and bid him to remember the Sea-Monster, the Spirit of Air, and the Red Miner. Fail not in all this, continued this amazing stranger ; 'your life will be endangered if you neglect it ; and if you observe my warning concerning the mountain you will be rewarded for it.'"

"By Saint Anthony of Padua," said di Lermia, laughing heartily as the Improvisatore finished ; "this is as goodly a legend as any since the Morgante ; and thou art as wild a romancer as Archbishop Turpin himself. Is there any more of it ?"

"Only my lord," answered Ricciardetto, "that while I was wondering at the stranger's speech, a cloud came over the moon, which hid it, and we were for a while quite in darkness ; and when the light came again, the strange



figure was gone ! I started forward, and the first thing I heard was my Bianca, and my children, scolding me for having slept so long. All my assertions about the stranger were in vain : they maintained stoutly that no one had come into the vineyard ; that I had never uttered a word : but that I had fallen asleep suddenly, and that they had unsuccessfully tried to awake me. As they did not believe one part of my story, I never told them the rest ; but to try how far it might prove true, I came to-night to the casino."

"Thanks, Ricciardetto," said I, "for my part of the story, and there is a golden token of my belief ; for, whoever discredits it, I dare not."

"Santa Margaretta," exclaimed di Lermia, "or rather, Santo Lucca, I should say, for he's the guardian of Lunatics ; this poor young Signor's brain will be turned by such ghostly invitations. As for you Master Ricciardetto, if your Bianca had waked you from your conference with a strappado, and dispossessed the devil that way, she had done good service to the church."

"So it may please your lordship to say," returned the old man, calmly ; "and yet I think if you will honour me with your ear in private, for a few moments only, you will believe more of my relation than at present."

"In good truth I cannot believe less," said the Count, smiling ; and leaving the veranda, he walked with the Improvisatore up the garden. A short time after he returned alone, endeavouring to appear as gay as when he went ; but his spirits were now evidently forced ; it was clear that he had learned somewhat far from pleasing ; and by degrees a gloom spreading itself over the whole company, we at length separated and retired to rest. Before I parted with di Lermia on that evening, and it was the last time I ever saw him, he came to me and said, "You are right, Signor Raymond ; you are right, my young friend ; superstition will rise within our minds, notwithstanding all our endeavours to prevent it. Who would have thought now, that the dream of that old rhymer, who is of course privileged to invent what he likes, should have made such an im-

pression upon my mind ? When we retired up the garden, he told me, that this Diavolo incognito prophesied that the Capuchin Monastery yonder, and this casino, should both be buried in the lava of the next eruption ; and that all the family of di Lermia should sleep beneath the ruins."

"*Madre del Pieta !*" I exclaimed ; "and will not you, my lord, fly from this terrible fate ?"

"No ;" answered di Lermia, "wherefore should I fly from that which I fear not ? It is true that his words have awakened an unpleasing sensation in my mind ; but I have still no tincture of belief in them ; I have rather the sensation of anger at my depression of spirits, than that of fear for my fate."

It was in vain that I endeavoured, by every possible argument to urge the Conte to quit the casino for a less dangerous situation ; and it was equally in vain, that he endeavoured to prevail upon me not to give the meeting to the unknown stranger. We parted mutually grieved at the other's constancy, and mutually convinced that we should see each other no more. By an early hour on the following morning, I was on the road to Vesuvius, alone. It was a lovely day in June, and the weather was oppressively hot ; the sky wore all that clear cerulean blue for which Italy is so famous ; and darkly against that beautiful azure rose the upper cone or crater of the mountain, which was now clear of vapours ; and out of which a thin light column of smoke was ascending to the air. One of the ascents to Vesuvius, is by a winding road, which leads from the north-east of Torre del Greco, through Resina, which now covers the subterranean City of Herculaneum, up to the Hermitage of Il Salvatore, which stands upon Monte Cantorini, a flat part of the mountain, almost at the foot of the upper cone. All beneath me was beautiful in the extreme : there were the rich vineyards and towns of Resina stretching downwards to the sea shore ; and yet further, the beautiful road between Portici and Torre del Greco. Before me was spread out a rich portion of the Campagna Felice, decreasing in altitude till it fell down into the Gulf of Naples. On the

right hand I looked out towards the Monte di Somna, which some have supposed to have been the original volcano, before Vesuvius was formed; and lowering above me, behind rose up the crater of the burning mountain itself. All this scene was diversified by a thousand colours: there were the warm tints of purple and green in the vineyards; the rich brown and slate-coloured appearance of the volcanic roads and tracks of lava; the glowing verdure of the trees and hedge-rows, lighted up and illuminated with the bright yellow hues of a summer sun; and above all there was a glorious blue canopy that seemed almost in motion with its own brightness. It was with a high degree of enjoyment that I gazed upon this grand view, before I entered the Hermitage to rest me, ere I continued my journey upwards. After a short halt at Il Salvatore, I proceeded over a rough and broken road, formed of lava of different ages and colours, some of which was black, and some, which was shaded from the sun's light, glowing as it were with fire. The road upon which I proceeded was only an incrustation formed above a stream of living lava, which poured out from all sides of it. This path at length led me to the foot of the crater, which is circular, and surrounded by a sort of natural wall, formed by the lower cone of the mountain, within which is a road of old black lava, while the crater itself seems to be formed of ashes, cinders, loose stones, and other volcanic materials. As the mountain, notwithstanding several convulsive noises within it, seemed to be in a state of rest, and as yet I could not discover any signs of the mysterious being who had summoned me there, my spirit of enterprise began to come upon me in that ardent yet terrific manner which I have already described; and I ascended the crater alone. After considerable difficulty in climbing up a loose and steep mound, I at length reached the summit, which is about 3,900 feet above the sea. Upon looking over, I discovered a kind of narrow path a short distance within, covered with plants and trees, and leading down for a considerable depth to a deep cavern. Having descended into this cave, I found it to

be a subterranean passage leading to another plain, surrounded by other dark recesses. From these poured forth dense volumes of smoke with sulphurous fumes, and upon my looking down into one, I seemed to see flashes of fire, and to hear mournful sounds of thundings and cries. All these had so dreadful an effect upon me, that my senses failed me, and I fell down into the cavern, to what I then thought an interminable depth. It will be imagined with what terror it was, that I found myself falling, into a place that had as yet been unentered by mortal; the very name of which was dreadful in every point of view. Indeed, many have supposed Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, and the Isles of Vulcano, to be only so many mouths of the infernal world; and Dr. Antonio Santorelli, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Naples, says, when speaking of the explosion of Mount Vesuvius in 1621. "*Se questo incendio sia opera de demonii?*" "Whether this eruption be the work of devils?" When we are in danger or distress memory is indeed a pain, since it turns only to those circumstances which tend to heighten our afflictions; so on the present occasion every recollection left me, excepting those of the dreadful legends of Vesuvius, which gave additional horror to my situation. I had expected that the chasm into which I had fallen was many thousand fathoms deep, but in a very few seconds I found myself thrown violently against the ground, upon which I started to my feet and looked wildly around me. I seemed to stand in a sort of circular gallery which was surrounded by the entrances to the recesses already mentioned, the path to which lay up a long rugged passage, with the light shining like a star at the end of it. Below me appeared a large vaulted conical hall, at the top of which appeared the irregular mouth of the crater at a great distance; and in the bosom was, as it were, a large bason filled with crimson coloured fire, into which a number of tall figures shaped like men, of a very deep red flesh colour, were tossing vast quantities of minerals, which they brought from dark recesses round about the mountain. At every time they



threw a fresh portion of minerals into the cauldron, the flame blazed vehemently upwards with such volumes of dense black smoke, that I was frequently enveloped with thick masses of that volcanic vapour, which a modern traveller has declared will take and retain the impression of a seal. Indeed it is so perfectly impervious, that it was as if I had been immersed in a grave, and it pressed upon me with all the force of the leaden shrouds of the early christians. Whenever the cauldron blazed up in this manner, the red figures uttered a thousand wild shouts, which were answered by shrieks and moans and tremblings from the earth beneath. When the interior of the mountain was visible, the fire shone brightly upon the beautiful volcanic minerals of which it was formed. There were a thousand variously-coloured tufas, made of ashes and pumice-stones, enclosing an infinite number of natural productions, splendidly variegated pieces of lava polished like marble, with beautifully tinted sulphur and brilliant cinnabar. Vitrified pumice and volcanic-glass, with many Vesuvian gems, such as black crystal, green chrysolites, deep yellow topazes, brown jacinths, partridge-eyed lava, and purple tin-stone were shining on every side. Nor did they sparkle with reflected light only, for each of them seemed to have fire within itself, glowing and flashing in all its splendid colours. While I was viewing this scene with some pleasure, much wonder, and more horror, I could perceive that one of the red figures was within a few paces of me; and as he approached, I readily discovered the features that Ricciardetto had described. When he stopped, he turned his fiery eyes full upon me and said, "What, Raymond Mortlake, not yet satisfied? Must the four elements administer to thy curiosity? Are the boundaries of God and the terrors of man no law for thee!"

"Insulting tempter," I replied, "who brought me here? Nay, who planted those wishes in my heart?"

"Oh," answered the spirit sarcastically, "they arose not in your virtuous self! No, man, man, ever the same, devises evil, and then believes it to be the

production of a fiend. But listen, thou who wouldst roam thro' the worlds of life and death to gratify thy insatiate curiosity; these spirits are the sons of Vulcan, and they are preparing for a new and terrible eruption of this mountain, in which the town beneath shall be destroyed. This has been their labour ever since the last explosion, and now their work is perfected. Another hour and the crater will be blown into air."

"Heavens," I internally ejaculated, "how shall I descend?"

"That you should have done sooner," said the spirit, "why linger here for so many days?"

"Days," I answered, "I entered the crater scarcely an hour since!"

"Fool," returned the spirit, "seven days have passed, since you have been within this cavern only; here time is eternity! and in your world eternity is regarded as time." As he finished speaking, a loud and deafening shout rose from the figures beneath, the smoke and flames soared upwards in a most terrific manner, I fell down suffocated by the dreadful fumes, and I remember no more. Upon the return of reason, I thought myself to be in the dreadful cavern where my senses departed; for every object was tinted with the red glare of fire, while sulphuric vapour, smoke, and showers of ashes and cinders were pouring downwards; but I soon found I was in the streets of Torre del Greco, into which the mountain was pouring a stream of burning lava, and which the awful magnificence of the eruption was lighting. The flames from Vesuvius formed many different shapes: sometimes a number of upright columns of fire supported a dense cloud of black and red smoke, with balls of red-hot cinders flying up from the crater. At other times, the flames would assume the forms of a number of spires in red and yellow fire: then a vast number of small clouds of smoke would rise in an infinity of little folds, which would rise upwards and descend like a water spout, and out of this column would issue the ferilli, or forked lightning of the volcano. After I had come to the recollection of my own situation, that of my friends immediately flashed upon my mind, and I endeav-

oured to make my way through the streets to the Casino di Lermia. The town however was crowded to an excess ; there were holy processions, imploring the protection of the Saints in one part, the inhabitants rushing to Naples or to Castel-a-mare in another ; some endeavouring to save the lives of their friends, others flying swiftly from the stream of lava, and others trying to rescue some portion of their property. The air resounded with cries, and shrieks, and lamentations : "Ora pro nobis" was heard continually, while the reports and thunderings of the mountain rendered these sights and noise yet more awful. When at length I had

made my way through the distressed populace to the casino, what was my horror to find it in ruins, with the red lava pouring over it. All that I had hitherto suffered was light in comparison with this ; I fainted in the arms of a friar near me, by whom I was conveyed to a convent at Naples, and attended with great humanity till my health allowed me to leave Italy. After the most minute enquiry, I have never been able to ascertain the fate of the Conte and Contessa di Lermia, but the general truth of Ricciardetto's prophecy has prevented a doubt from existing upon my mind.

(Monthly Mag. Nov.)

#### ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL, IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

In a Letter from an Officer of the Royal Navy.

**Y**OU will scarcely be more astonished at finding us in this remote and unfrequented part of the world than we are ourselves. Little more than three weeks ago we were "tripping it on the light fantastic toe" in the gay regions of Port Louis (Mauritius), at a grand ball given by some of the public officers ; when,—hey—presto—be gone !—like the changes in a harlequinade, we find ourselves, scarcely recollecting how, 3,000 miles off, in the very birth-place of storms and foul weather. Sailors indeed are, according to the old song, "bound for all weathers ;" but that which we have experienced here exceeds all I remember in any other region where they had the least pretension to summer. During the last fortnight we have not had a single tolerable day. Gale succeeds gale, as regularly as noon does the morning ; so that we are half inclined to deem it the *fag end* of the world. Yet this is the summer of St. Paul ! The rain, also, is frequent and heavy, and the cold not inconsiderable,—at least we feel it pretty sharply after the tropical suns of India.

The repulsive aspect of the island, which became visible for the first time towards the evening, gave us indeed little to expect. It rises abruptly from the sea, a conspicuous cone-shaped mountain, apparently solid when view-

ed from the western side ; but, on coming round to the eastern, presenting an immense cavity, scooped out of the highest part of the island, and the sides toward the sea broken down to the water's edge, thus affording a complete view of the interior. I know not that I can give you a better idea of it than by supposing, upon an enormous scale, the shape of a common basin, with about a fourth part of the circumference of the side broken down to the base. It is evidently the crater of an extinct volcano ; but whether shot up from the bed of the ocean, or the neighbouring level land by which it may have been encircled being submerged, or how long it has ceased to act, must remain uncertain. It is so different from any thing like the coral islands of the Pacific or Indian oceans, and so high withal, that nothing of this kind can be supposed ; while its distance from any of the continents leaves no probability of its having ever belonged to either. The shores are steep and rocky ; a furious surf continually washes the base ; and off the crater, at the distance of a mile and a half, there is anchorage in fine weather, when the wind blows from the westward.

In this spot we dropped anchor for a few hours, when the elements seemed more settled than they had been for



some time, taking for a guide a huge sugar-loaf rock, situated to the left of the entrance. This opening, I should have said, is formed by the vent of the crater extending down to the level of the sea, which thence finds admission, over a ledge of rocks, to an extensive basin within. To reconnoitre this curious place, a lieutenant was despatched in one of the cutters. The boat got over the bar without difficulty, which a century ago, it appears, was a work of trouble; the continual action of the sea having deepened the access, by wearing down the rocks. The breadth of the entrance is about forty yards. When over the bar, and within the basin, the water became as smooth as a pond, forming a strong contrast to the continual turbulence of the sea without. This basin occupies a considerable portion of the bottom of the crater; and, since its first discovery, has much increased in size, being now more than a mile in circumference. Its depth in the deepest place is thirty fathoms, varying to seven or eight close to the shore. The latter, around it, is in general level to some little distance, where the ascent to the summit becomes more perpendicular: near the water the grass is short; farther off it is long, coarse, and in such dense tufts, as to render it difficult to penetrate thro' them. Here we found an amazing number of seals, enjoying themselves, seemingly secure from interruption; but, when alarmed by the landing of our men, set up a low hoarse noise, like the murmuring of dogs, and made directly for the water. Several were killed by means of sticks; one of the seamen having seized a young one alive, the dam contrived to throw him down, and thus liberated the captive, both getting off in safety.

Some appearances of wreck having been observed from the ship by our glasses, it seemed probable that a vessel had experienced misfortune in this inhospitable spot, and the boat had been despatched to ascertain the fact. Such, indeed, was the case. The wreck of a large vessel was scattered about the basin. Some rude huts were constructed out of the fragments, and roofed with tarpaulins and sails. Under these, and carefully protected from the weather,

were a considerable number of casks of oil, and several thousand seal-skins. Nothing alive, however, could be found; but, while debating the point what had become of the crew, one of our men, in scouring the huts, discovered a bottle in which was a letter, furnishing the requisite information. This production, as remarkable for its orthography as perspicuity, being worthy a place in the cabinets of the curious, I copy it *verbatim et literatim* :—

Ship Venus From and belonging to London 3d of June 1811 Uriael Bunker Master stopid here, 84 days from London Bound to timore. Here found 8 men on the island Left by their ship being cast ashore the ship fox from Port Jackson on askining voyage, William Cox Master of the said vessel Left here 4 months ago with eight of his men the ship that cariyed him would Not carry any more he left a letter with his men to beg no person nor persons will by any means Cary off any of his Goods or Artekles that he Leaves here as he will come here And get them as soon as he can get a Vessel he will Come And take away his skins and Every Artekle Belonging to his vessel the ship was owned By Mr. Camel and Co. port Jackson New Southwales or New Holand

The Venus is a Whaler

Captain Bunker begs that the person opens this will Lave another to the same purpos.

To the Dutch navigator Flaming we owe the discovery of this spot, in 1697, when he found the basin, now so spacious, scarcely a pistol-shot long, and the rocks forming the bar so much higher than at present, that the boat could with much difficulty be dragged over them. Should the same changes go on equally rapid in decomposing the rock, the basin may in thirty years more be accessible to the smaller sealing vessels. The island lies in latitude  $38^{\circ} 42' S.$  longitude  $77^{\circ} 53' E.$  It is about four miles long and three broad, the surface presenting nothing but a brown coarse grass, intermixed with abundance of stones, and near the basin some reeds, but neither tree nor shrub. To gain the surface, there being no other landing-place, it is necessary to enter the basin, and ascend by a very difficult and fatiguing path the side of the crater. The height of the latter, reckoning the depth of water, is estimated at more than 90 feet; the circumference at the bottom a mile and a half; at the summit or mouth about two miles. Nothing of a similar nature, approaching to these dimensions, is known in Europe; nor, if I remember right, in any part of the world, except possibly among the Andes. The summit of the crater is the highest part of the island, which shelves towards the north.

Around the basin are several hot-springs, (another proof, if any were wanting, of the volcanic nature of the island,) said to be within 20 or 25° of the boiling point. And, as the basin abounds with fine fish, easily caught, it has been represented that they might be thrown from the cold water to the hot, for boiling, without being disengaged from the hook, tho' this is an exaggeration. Fish are equally plentiful in the sea without the basin; so numerous and voracious, indeed, as to be caught with little trouble; three boats, nearly filled, were procured in a short time, principally of a species resembling the bream and perch, averaging 3 or 4 pounds weight each, and of excellent eating. Merchant vessels that touch here, wishing to add to their sea store, should cure them immediately; exposure to rain previously to salting is found by experience to render them of little value.

Whales frequent the vicinity of this island at certain periods. But its chief visitors are seals, who twenty years ago were to be seen on the rocks, and basking in the grass, in many thousands. Instances have occurred of 3000 having been killed in a few days: the principal instrument for this purpose is a good cudgel, which by a smart blow over the snout accomplishes the object. At present their numbers are much diminished, by the great demand for the skin in commerce, and having become of late years a fashionable article of dress.

The stratum of earth is thin, and little, therefore, can be accomplished here by cultivation; but at the bottom of the crater, around the basin, I have little doubt that gardens might be formed, were any of the temporary sojourners industrious enough to make the attempt, and inclose them from the depredations of the seals. A few wild hogs or goats are said to exist, but we saw nothing of the kind. Sea birds are particularly

numerous, i. e. the peterel, penguin, common gull, and albatross species. The latter is a large and powerful bird, sometimes twice the size of the turkey, and the wings, when extended, measuring 13 feet from tip to tip, tho' 11 or 12 feet is more common. Of these we caught many, by a hook and line kept floating astern; and they are remarkable for having an additional joint in the wing, a peculiarity that is not discernible till after repeated examination. A dense coat of feathers renders it impenetrable to small shot, and under the skin is a layer of fat half an inch thick; a bag of the same adipose substance near the tail, said to be for the purpose of lubricating the feathers, is as large as a tolerable-sized apple. The skin is in great request among American seamen, who dry and preserve it very carefully, selling it for a considerable sum in their own country, the down being remarkably fine and white. The carcase to us proved more serviceable, the seamen having feasted on it frequently, and on Christmas Day was jocularly named by them a *St. Paul's Goose*.

Smoke has been seen to issue from fissures in the earth, and sometimes, during the night, luminous spots, resembling fire, though we saw nothing of the kind. Many of the stones are of a dark blue colour, some resembling pumice, and others bearing evident traces of fusion. Fresh water is small in quantity, and difficult to be procured.

Amsterdam island, about fifty miles distant, is ten or twelve miles in circumference, but so difficult of access, that a landing has only been effected there once or twice these fifty years. There is, however, more wood and water than at St. Paul's. Its latitude is about 37° 50' S., longitude the same as the other. Both islands are commonly made by vessels going direct to China, or through Bass's Straits.

#### PREVENTION OF SEA-SICKNESS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,  
In a late voyage from Calais to London, in one of the steam-ships, we experienced so rough a sea, that every passenger on-board, male and female,

old and young, was in less than half an hour affected by violent and unremitting sea-sickness. The scene itself was sufficient to affect me by a species of sympathy; but the general cause



began to operate in swimming of the head, loss of strength and colour, accompanied by that overpowering nausea, the recollection of which will fill every one who has been at sea, with associations of agony.

Unwilling for some hours to suffer these tortures, I began to speculate on the cause, and, having no hesitation in referring it primarily to the motion of the vessel, I considered its proximate effect on the animal system. It was evident that, as the whole body was the patient of the rockings of the vessel, the stomach, and other moveable viscera, would librate within the cavity of the chest and abdomen without the usual energy of the will, and that corresponding muscular force with which the actions and re-actions of all the parts are generally in harmony. This unnatural movement, and the resulting friction and irritation of the stomach and viscera, I consequently determined to be the immediate causes of sea-sickness.

It appeared to me, therefore, that this phenomenon, *like all other phenomena of matter*, had its cause in certain special MOTIONS, and that the cure could only be found in counteracting motions. Without a delicate mechanical contrivance, (though a mere swinging hammock might have been useful,) the body could not be kept in a

steady upright position; it struck me, therefore, that a brisk muscular motion of the body, equal to that of the vessel, would either counteract or confer such novel direction of motion on the stomach and viscera, as would neutralize, if not destroy, the effect of the motion of the vessel. I am used to ride on horseback; and, for the sake of the exercise, prefer a trotting horse; it appeared to me, therefore, that, if I imitated the action of the body in a brisk trot, I might have no other sensation than what action usually produces.

I seated myself in a chair upon the deck, and commenced a sharp libration of the body, such as it receives in trotting; and, in a few minutes, the previous nausea abated. In a quarter of an hour I recovered my spirits; in half an hour felt a desire to eat, which I indulged, to the surprize and disgust of those who were around me; in fine, I kept up the action more or less during three hours in which we were in rough water, in which time I emptied my pockets of eatables; and, afterwards, I was as well as though I had merely taken my customary morning's ride.

As innumerable speculations have been published on this subject, and as it concerns the convenience, and comfort of thousands who undertake sea-voyages, I consider it my duty to submit these facts to the public.

#### ACQUISITION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

THE knowledge of the French language is generally esteemed, and is of considerable importance. Conceiving that it might be obtained more thoroughly, and with less trouble to the learner, than by the usual mode, my wife and I have pursued a plan, which, as far as I am aware, has not before been employed. We have not unfrequently been spoken to respecting the mode of procedure adopted, and have found ourselves incapable of explaining precisely, our views in a short time, and in few words. We therefore determined to draw up the present statement, and to request you would give it a place in your Magazine.

The principle, on which our plan was founded, is, that an infant is capable of learning, from the time when it begins to speak, two languages at the same time. This practice is observed in Wales, in Scotland, and Ireland; on the frontiers of France; in Switzerland, and in other parts where the English or the French are frequently understood by young children, together with another language, according to the respective situation of the countries. Indeed, this observation may be so constantly made on every border, that scarcely any principle can be more firmly established by constant and widely-extended experience.

To apply this principle to practice, we determined that our children should learn the English and French languages at the same time, from their infancy. In England, there is no necessity to teach them English : it is scarcely possible to hinder them from learning the language. But French must be taught, and pains taken that it may be acquired. To carry this part of our plan into execution, we determined to have a French nursery-maid, and to speak to our children from the first, as far as possible in that language only. Our family consists at present of four children; a girl seven years old; a girl of five; a boy of three; and a girl of one. When our eldest child was three years of age, a young woman was brought from Paris by a near relative. But she was so little inclined to fulfil the duties of her situation, that she gave much trouble, and we were compelled to part with her in four months. Mr. Oakshott, an Englishman, who keeps the *Silver-Lion* at Calais, then sent us a servant. She was entirely ignorant of the duty of an English nursery-maid, but as well disposed as she was ignorant. She consequently soon learnt her business, and proved a valuable acquisition. A year after the commencement of this plan, our family increasing, a French female, about sixteen years of age, who had come to London, was added to our establishment. A year ago, the health of the person who had come from Calais not bearing the London air, she returned to her native place. We took in her room a friend of hers already in England. At this time the last two servants continue with us, and the experiment has been carried on during four years.

Soon after each of the two elder children was four years of age, she was taught to read. The letters were pronounced in the French mode; and, when the child had advanced far enough to read words, books of the same language alone were employed. It was our endeavour to keep English reading entirely away. And this endeavour was tolerably successful; for, after our eldest girl could read an easy French child's book moderately well, she was totally incapable of making out

the easiest sentence in her native tongue. After a time, however, she did learn of herself to read it. Since then my wife has taught her regularly to read English, but in a small degree compared with French.

At present our first child reads both French and English as well as children of her age usually read either; and spells the former very well, the latter by no means so well. She speaks and understands the French rather better than the English. She scarcely talks the latter so quickly as children usually do; and occasionally, but very rarely, makes trifling blunders, which shew that it is not so familiar to her as the French. The disproportion between these tongues is greater in the second, and still greater in the third child; who, although he generally understands what is said to him in English, is but little capable of replying in that language. The pronunciation of English is not in the smallest degree affected in any of the family; and few Gallicisms are introduced, in consequence of their learning both at the same time. The two are hardly ever mixed in the same sentence, even by the youngest of the children. They very soon find that they are to speak French to particular persons, and to all others English. But, if addressed, they almost constantly answer in the language spoken to them.

The expense attending our plan has been small. We have had to pay for the passage of two of the young women, and we give each of them a trifle yearly more than we should do English servants of the same description. We had also to purchase French books for children, which, including the duty, are dearer than English books of a similar kind.

A little, and really very little, inconvenience arises from these servants' religion, which is generally that of Rome. They are forbidden to speak on religious topics to the children: and with this injunction they have complied.

From the experience which we have obtained on this subject, we do not expect that our children will talk French so well as they would do if they were educated in France. But, we believe, that they will understand and speak the language better than they could do



by any other mode of instruction practised in England. They daily acquire those minute terms of expression which are rarely attained by a foreigner. The expense, we conceive, will be less than by the usual mode of teaching the language. Now, that the first difficul-

ties attendant on a new and untried plan are overcome, scarcely any inconvenience is felt in consequence of this mode of procedure; especially as my wife had previously determined herself, in a great measure, to educate her own children.

J. B.

#### SIR R. KER PORTER'S VISIT TO THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

(Concluded.)

**W**ITH respect to the specimens of brick, both sun-dried and fire-burnt, there were ample quantities every where; giving us an idea, how very opportune the furnaces might have been, which manufactured the latter, to execute the mad judgments of either Nimrod or Nebuchadnezzar. The bricks which compose the tower, and its appending objects, are mostly stamp'd with three lines of inscription, in the cuneiform, or, as it is commonly called, the Babylonian character. Some extend to four, or even seven lines; but, though differing in this respect, the dimensions of all are the same; the only superiority appears in those of seven lines being better stamp'd than those with the fewer numbers. However, I could only draw these observations from fragments about, and I examined a great many; entire detached bricks not being now to be found on the ruin. I have already mentioned that the bricks of Babylon are of two kinds, sun-dried and fire-burnt. The former is generally largest, as it is a coarser fabric than the latter; but its solidity seems, by proof, to be equal to the hardest stone. It is composed of clay mixed with chopped straw, or broken reeds, to compact it, and then dried in the sun. Here, then, besides tracing the first builders of Babel in their very executed work, "Go to, let us make us brick, and burn them thoroughly!" we find the exact sort of brick which the children of Israel made during their captivity in Egypt; "And Pharaoh commanded the task-masters, and said, ye shall no more give the people straw to make bricks, &c." These unburnt bricks commonly form the interior or mass of any strong foundation amongst these ruins; and this is the

case with the great tower, while it is, or rather has been, faced with the more beautiful fabric of those manufactured in the furnace or kiln. From every account left us by historians of the supereminently stupendous structure of the 'Tower of Belus, we must seek it on the banks of the Euphrates, and on the site of Babylon; and of all the colossal mounds which remain amongst its far spreading ruins, not one appears to answer so fully, in place, dimensions, and aspect, to all their pictures of the tower, whether called by the name of Babel or of Belus, as this sublime inhabitant of the desert, known universally to the present descendants of Ishmael, by the name of Birs Nimrod. But the remnant of the captivity, still abiding amongst "the waters of Babylon," when they speak of it, call it Nebuchadnezzar's prison.

#### BABEL.

Since the days of Alexander, we find four capitals, at least, built out of her remains: Seleucia by the Greeks, Ctesiphon by the Parthians, Al Maidan by the Persians, Kufa by the Caliphs; with towns, villages, and caravansaries without number. That the fragments of one city should travel so far, to build or repair the breaches of another, on the first view of the subject, appeared unlikely to myself; but on traversing the country between the approximating shores of the two rivers, and observing all the facilities of water-carriage from one side to the other, I could no longer be incredulous of what had been told me; particularly when scarce a day passed without my seeing people digging the mounds of Babylon for bricks, which they carried to the verge of the Euphrates, and thence conveyed in boats to wherever they might be want-

ed. From the consequent excavations in every possible shape and direction, the regular lines of the original ruins have been so broken, that nothing but confusion is seen to exist between one course and another, when any traveller would attempt seeking a distinct plan amongst those eternally traversing minor heaps, hollows, and ravines. But certain huge and rugged masses yet stand pre-eminent; which, by their situation, and other local circumstances, seem sufficiently to warrant the conclusions which have been drawn of their original purpose. These vaster mounds are surrounded by subordinate ranges, now bearing the appearance of embankments; and which, doubtless, have been the cause of the interior pile's comparatively unimpaired state. The yearly overflowing of the whole country, from the decay of the canals, made to draw off the superflux of the river, having for ages swept unimpeded over the faces of all the ruins which had not the protection of these, I may call them, break-waters, could not fail producing the devastation we see. All such exposed parts of the city must necessarily be broken down into wider and more shapeless ruin, and be gradually washed down into lower and lower hillocks, till in most places, all traces would be entirely swept away.

#### LIONS.

In this my second visit to Birs Nimrod, while passing rapidly over the last tracks of the ruin-spread ground, at some little distance from the outer bank of its quadrangular boundary, my party suddenly halted; having descried several dark objects moving along the summit of its hill, which they construed into dismounted Arabs on the lookout, while their armed brethren must be lying concealed under the southern brow of the mound. Thinking this very probable, I took out my glass to examine, and soon distinguished that the causes of our alarm were two or three majestic lions, taking the air upon the heights of the pyramid. Perhaps I never had beheld so sublime a picture to the mind, as well as to the eye. These were a species of enemy which my party were accustomed to dread without any panic fear; and,

while we continued to advance, though slowly, the hallooming of the people made the noble beasts gradually change their position, till, in the course of twenty minutes, they totally disappeared. We then rode close up to the ruins; and I had once more the gratification of ascending the awful sides of the tower of Babel. In my progress I stopped several times to look at the broad prints of the feet of the lions, left plain in the clayey soil; and, by the track, I saw that if we had chosen to rouse such royal game, we need not go far to find their lair. But while thus actually contemplating these savage tenants, wandering amidst the towers of Babylon, and bedding themselves within the deep cavities of her once magnificent temple, I could not help reflecting on how faithfully the various prophecies had been fulfilled, which relate in the Scriptures, to the utter fall of Babylon, and abandonment of the place; verifying, in fact the very words of Isaiah,—“Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and the houses shall be full of doleful creatures: owls shall dwell there, and dragons shall cry in the pleasant places.”

#### THE EUPHRATES,

(on whose banks I had passed so many interesting hours,) tho' not so rapid as its sister stream, is infinitely more majestic, and claims a longer course, rising from three sources amongst the mountains of Armenia. After flowing in three currents to the south-west, thro' many a wild glen and rich valley, all unite in one channel at the foot of the mountains, nearly opposite the source of the Tigris; and thence winding on in full stream, south and south-west, in a corresponding course to that of the Tigris, the two rivers form a junction at Korna; and under the appellation of the Shat-el-Arab, “the river of Arabia,” roll on in one noble flood to the Persian Gulf, seventy miles south of Bussora. The name of Phrat, or Euphrates, Josephus describes as derived from words denoting fruitfulness, or dispersion, and either apply to the history of this river. Its course comprehends an extent of fourteen hundred miles, but its width varies considerably during so long a journey.



(Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag. Nov.)

## THE ROUTE.

"Send for a chair—it blows so hard—I can't bear windy weather ;  
Now you and I in one sedan can go quite well together,"  
Said Mrs Frump, while folding tight her shawl around each shoulder,  
She took the lean and wither'd arm of sweet Miss Nancy Holder.

This Mistress Frump and Nancy dear were old maids stiff and stupid,  
Who long had been shot proof against the darts of cunning Cupid ;  
So now, good souls, they both were off to Lady Betty Randle,  
To have a little shilling whist, and talk a deal of scandal.

The chair it came, and in they went, together sideways sitting,  
As closely pack'd as all the threads they just before were knitting.  
In minutes three they safe arrived, the double knock foretelling  
The fast approach of these two dames to Lady Randle's dwelling.

Forthwith the bawling footman shewed up stairs Miss Nancy Holder,  
And Mrs Frump ; while stared Miss Young, and Mrs Young the older.  
"Dear Lady Randle, how d'ye do? I am very glad to see you,"  
Quoth Mrs Frump. Miss Sugarfist cried, "Dear Miss Nan, how be you?"

"Miss Charlotte, I am quite rejoiced to have the boundless pleasure  
Of shaking hands, my love, you're looking charming beyond measure ;  
That roseate bloom upon your cheek outvies the soft carnation."  
"O lawk! Miss Ann, you fluster me with such great admiration."

Now, Mr Sugarfist had been in tea and figs a dealer,  
Which was the cause Miss Sugarfist, his child, was not genteeler ;  
He, having made a fortune large, and trade no more admiring,  
Sold all his stock, and cut the shop and business, by retiring.

Yet still he dealt—that is, the cards, for he to whisk was partial :  
His partner now, a soldier bold, was gallant Major Martial,  
Who oft had seen much service hard, round Brentford, Kew, and Ryegate,  
And e'en that very day had march'd from Paddington to Highgate.

By Mr. Sugarfist there sat, of turtle feasts a giver,  
A Nabob, who came home with gold, but not an inch of liver ;  
His partner was no less a man than portly Parson Sable ;  
Which if you reckon right, you'll find just makes up one whist table.

But next to these, a noisy set of talking Dames were playing  
At guinea Loo, and now and then a temper vile betraying.  
Miss Winter, Mrs Crookedlegs, Miss Glum, and Mrs Hearty,  
With hump-backed Lady Spindleshanks, exactly made the party.

Upon the sofa, Mrs Frump, dear soul! had squatted down to  
Some shilling whist, with Mrs Prim, and lo! a foreign Count, too!  
Who, as Dame Fortune will'd it, soon became her Partner chosen ;  
While Mr Prim, congenial man! sat opposite Miss Frozen.

Around the room, in various parts, some motley groups were seated ;  
In one place, Captain Splinter bold, with grape (not shot) juice heated,  
Made desp'rate work with Sophy Blaze, who swore he meant to kill her ;  
For, in the warmth of love, he grasp'd her hand just like a tiller.

Then, in the room adjacent, young Miss Randle and Miss Parking,  
To treat the company, began through two duets sky-larking.  
When Mr. Simple ask'd Miss Quiz, "In what key are they playing?"  
"'Tis what you are,—A flat," she said, a sneering smile betraying.

Now up and down the ivory keys the Misses twain kept flying,  
As if to make as great a din as could be they were trying.  
This o'er the kind Miss Symphony, with lungs indeed appalling,  
Sat down before the harpsichord, and had a bout at squalling.

While all these things were going on, Miss Holder, in a corner,  
Had fix'd upon a school girl, Miss Honoria Julia Horner,  
Who'd just begun to be come out ; so Nancy, by explaining  
The histories of the folks around, Miss H. was entertaining.

"Look there! d'ye see? that's General Bomb, just come from Gibraltar;  
'Tis rumour'd he will lead next week Miss Simper to the altar:  
He's sixty-five, and she sixteen,—a pretty match this, truly!  
No doubt, in time his brow will be with antlers cover'd duly.

"There goes Miss Flirt, who fancies she is able to discover  
In every man she dances with a true and ardent lover.  
And here comes Mrs. Paroquet, a widow young and wealthy,  
Who's waiting just to catch some peer, old, gouty, and unhealthy.

"That kind of man, with whiskers large, and hair that's rather sandy,  
A stiff cravat, gold chain and glass, is what they call a Dandy.  
Those ladies standing by the door, and making such wry faces,  
Because they've lost twelve points at cards, are called the faded Graces.

"The youngest's *only* fifty-eight, the second sixty-seven;  
The oldest, who is seventy-six, ought now to be in——heaven.  
Folks say they once were pretty girls, but would be always flirting;  
A thing, my dear, the hopes of being nicely married hurting.

"Now, goodness me! as I'm alive! there's little Fanny Sawyer  
Engaged in earnest chat with Mr. Honesty, the lawyer.  
If that turns out to be a match, I'm sure t'will be a wonder.  
But only look at Mrs Bounce with one-armed Colonel Thunder.

"Well, how some people can!—but see, the card parties are breaking,  
And yonder there's dear Mrs. Frump of tipsey-cake partaking."  
So here Miss Holder's eloquence at once was put an end to,  
At sight of delicacies, which she ever was a friend to.

Now Champagne bottles, knives and forks, plates, glasses, scandal, chatter,  
With laughter interspersed, began to make a glorious clatter.

"Dear Colonel, pray be good enough to help me to a custard"—  
"A little lobster, if you please"—"I'll thank you for the mustard."

"Miss Holder, won't you take a seat?"—"What shall I have the pleasure,  
Miss Sugarist, of giving you?"—"Why, when you be at leisure,  
I'll take some raisins, if you please."—"That savours of the Grocer,"  
Miss Clackitt, whispered Mr. Prim, "her dad was one, you know, sir."

Now Mr. Prim, alas! poor man! was very absent, making  
Sometimes great blunders, which would after set his heart an aching:  
Thus sage Miss Clackitt's shrewd remark to him was quite a poser,  
Yet, just for answering's sake, he roar'd out, "Yes, her dad's a grocer!"

On which Miss Charlotte's cheeks, poor thing, became as red as scarlet,  
And pouting like a sulky child, she sobb'd out, "O the varlet!"  
But he, the cause of her dismay, stood looking blank and foolish;  
While Dandy Bubble said, "Why, Prim, upon my soul! 'twas coolish."

Now other noises swell'd the roar: Good gracious! what's the matter?  
"O never mind, 'tis Sophy Blaze, again the Captain's at her:—  
I wonder if these rattling romps will end in ought like marriage!"—  
"Lord Random's Stanhope stops the way"—"Count Marasquino's carriage."

Then rose among the female tribe a strife of silks and sattins,  
Miss Holder's chair's announced, and Mrs. Bubble's maid and pattens.  
In groups the company paired off; some charring it, some walking,  
But all fatigued with doing nought, save playing cards and talking.

As home our brace of old maids went, each passing watchman's warning,  
Proclaim'd, "Past two;" said Mrs. Frump, "Dear me, 'tis Sunday morning!  
Well, who'd have thought it! what a shame! now is it not, Miss Nancy?  
I wish we'd come away before." (She told a lie, I fancy.)

But here to this my beauteous strain, at length I must say, Amen,  
And bid adieu to Lords and Counts, to Ladies gay, and gay Men;  
And much I hope, although these things sometimes should not be slighted,  
When next her Ladyship's "at home," I may not be invited.



(European Magazine.)

MEMOIR OF DR. CROTCH, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

In the University of Oxford.

**D**R. Crotch, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Norwich, July 5, 1775. His father, by trade a carpenter, an ingenious mechanic, and of good reputation, having a passion for music, of which, however, he had no knowledge, undertook to build an organ, on which, as soon as it would speak, he learned to play two or three common tunes, such as, *God Save the King*; *Let Ambition Fire thy Mind*; and the *Easter Hymn*: with which, and such chords as were pleasing to his ear, he used to try the perfection of his instrument.

About Christmas, 1776, when Master Crotch was only a year and a half old, he discovered a great inclination for music, by leaving even his food to attend to it, when the organ was playing; and about Midsummer, 1777, he would touch the key-note of his particular favourite tunes, in order to persuade his father to play them. Soon after this, as he was unable to name these tunes, he would play the first two or three notes of them, when he thought the keynote did not sufficiently explain what he wished to have played. But according to his mother's account, it seems to have been in consequence of his having heard the superior performance of Mrs. Lulman, a musical lady, who came to try his father's organ, and who not only played on it, but sang to her own accompaniment, that he first attempted to play a tune himself: for, the same evening, after her departure, the child cried and was so peevish, that his mother was wholly unable to appease him. At length, passing through the dining room, he screamed and struggled violently to go to the organ, in which, when he was indulged, he eagerly bent down the keys with his little fists, as other children usually do, after finding themselves able to produce a noise, which pleases them more than the artificial performance of real melody or harmony by others. The next day, however, being left, while his mother went out,

in the dining-room with his brother, a youth about fourteen years old, he would not let him rest till he blew the bellows of the organ, while he sat on his knee and bent down the keys, at first promiscuously, but presently, with one hand, he played enough of *God Save the King*, to awaken the curiosity of his father, who, being in a garret, which was his workshop, hastened down stairs to inform himself who was playing this tune upon the organ. When he found it was the child, he could hardly believe what he heard and saw. At this time, he was exactly two years and three weeks old, as appears by the register, in the parish of St. George, Colgate, Norwich. Although he shewed such a decided inclination for music, he could no more be prevailed on to play by persuasion than a bird to sing.

When his mother returned, the father, with a look that at once implied joy, wonder, and mystery, desired her to go up stairs with him, as he had something curious to shew her. She obeyed, and was as much surprised as the father, on hearing the child play the first part of *God Save the King*. The next day he made himself master of the treble of the second part; and the day after, he attempted the bass, which he performed nearly correct in every particular, except the note immediately before the close, which being an octave below the preceding sound, was out of the reach of his little hand. In the beginning of November 1777, he played both the treble and bass of *Let Ambition Fire thy Mind*; an old tune now called, *Hope, thou Nurse of Young Desire*.

Upon the parents' relating this extraordinary circumstance to their neighbours, they were laughed at, and advised not to mention it, as such a marvellous account would only expose them to ridicule. However, a few days afterwards, Mr. Crotch being ill, and unable to go out to work, Mr. Paul, a master-weaver, by whom he was em-

ployed, passing accidentally by the door, and hearing the organ, fancied that he had been deceived, and that Crotch had stayed at home, in order to divert himself on his favourite instrument. Fully prepossessed with this idea, he entered the house, and, suddenly opening the dining-room door, saw the child playing on the organ, while his brother was blowing the bellows. Mr. Paul thought the performance so extraordinary, that he immediately brought two or three of the neighbours to hear it, who propagating the news, a crowd of nearly a hundred persons came the next day to hear the young performer; and, on the following days, a still greater number flocked to the house from all quarters of the city; till, at length, the child's parents were obliged to limit his exhibition to certain days and hours in order to lessen his fatigue, and exempt themselves from the inconvenience of constant attendance on the curious multitude.

When the father first carried him to the Cathedral, he used to cry the instant he heard the loud organ, which being so much more powerful, than that to which he was accustomed to at home, he was some time before he could bear, without discovering pain, occasioned, perhaps, by the extreme delicacy of his ear, and irritability of his nerves.

Before he was four years old, he discovered a genius and an inclination for drawing, nearly as strong as for music; for whenever he was not at an instrument, he usually employed himself in sketching, with his left hand, houses, churches, ships, or animals, in his rude and wild manner, with chalk, on the floor, or on whatever plain surface he was allowed to scrawl.

The first voluntary he heard with attention was performed at his father's house by Mr. Mully, a music-master; and as soon as he was gone, the child seeming to play on the organ in a wild and different manner from what his mother was accustomed to hear, she asked him, what he was doing? And he replied, "I am playing the gentleman's fine things;"—but she was unable to judge of the resemblance. However, when Mr. Mully came a few days

after and was asked, whether the child had remembered any of the passages in his voluntary, he replied in the affirmative. This happened when he was only two years and four months old. About this time, such was the rapid progress he had made in judging of the agreement of sounds, that he played the Easter Hymn with full harmony; and in the last two or three bars of *Hallelujah*, where the same sound is sustained, he played chords with both hands, by which the parts were multiplied to six, which he had great difficulty in reaching, on account of the shortness of his fingers. From this period his memory was very accurate in retaining any tune that pleased him; and being present at a concert, where a band of gentlemen performers played the overture in *Rodolinda*, he was so delighted with the minuet, that the next morning he hummed part of it in bed; and by noon, without any further assistance, played the whole on the organ.—At four years old, his ear for music was so astonishing, that he could distinguish at a great distance from any instrument, and out of sight of the keys, any note that was struck, whether A. B. C. &c. In this, Dr. Burney used repeatedly to try him, and never once found him mistaken, even in the half notes: a circumstance the more extraordinary, as many practitioners, and good performers, are unable to distinguish by the ear, at the Opera or elsewhere, in what key any air or piece is executed. At this early age, when he was tired of playing on an instrument, and his musical faculties appeared wholly blunted, he could be provoked to attention, even tho' engaged in some new amusement, by a wrong note being struck in the melody of any well-known tune; and, if he stood by the instrument when such a note was designedly struck, he would instantly put down the right, in whatever key the air was playing.

Before he was six years old, this infant prodigy taught himself to play on the violin, which he used to hold as a violincello; he could also play upon the common flute and *sticcado pastorello*. At three years old he played on the organ in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, while sitting on his mother's



knee ; and at this time a print of him playing on the organ was engraved by Sanders at Norwich.

As a painter in oil colours, Dr. Crotch possesses very considerable talents, altho' he exercises them only for amusement. A picture, painted by him as a companion of one by Salvator Rosa, which was in the possession of Charles Cowper Esq., of the Albany, fully evinced his talents ; it was so excellent in colouring, harmony and effect, that, although entirely different in the subject, no one standing in the middle of the room could tell which picture was painted by Salvator Rosa, unless he had been previously informed. Dr. Crotch also drew, and etched in soft ground, twelve views taken from the environs of Oxford, which are acknowledged to be very picturesque and spirited performances.

The extraordinary musical talent exhibited by Dr. Crotch in infancy, was matured by study and practice, so as afterwards he was enabled to attain the highest rank in his profession ; and, as a professor of music, he still continues to benefit society. He went to Oxford in the year 1788, and in 1790 was elected Organist to Christ's Church ; in 1797, he was honoured with the Professorship of Music ; and in the same year succeeded Dr. Hayes, as Organist to St. John's College and University Church. During his residence in this city, he married Miss Bliss, the daughter of a respectable bookseller there ; by whom he has living one son, who is now a fellow of New College ; and two daughters, who are twin sisters, and are both unmarried. Dr. Crotch left the University of Oxford, and came to London in 1805, since which period, he has every season delivered lectures on music, either at the royal Institution in Albemarle Street, or at the Surrey Institution near Westminster Bridge, with the exception of one season, during which, he lectured at the London Institution.

The early age, at which Dr. Crotch discovered a most astonishing musical genius, is without a parallel in the history of eminent musicians : and per-

haps none come so near his precocity of musical talent, as the two Westleys and Mozart. The WESTLEYS discovered, during early infancy, very uncommon faculties for the practice of music. CHARLES, the eldest, at two years and three quarters old, surprised his father by playing a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time ; soon after he played several, whatever his mother sang, or whatever he heard in the street. SAMUEL, the youngest, though he was three years old before he aimed at a tune, yet, by constantly hearing his brother practise, and being accustomed to good music and masterly execution, before he was six years old, arrived at such a knowledge in music that his extempore performances on keyed instruments, like MOZART's, was so masterly in point of invention, modulation, and accuracy of execution, as to surpass in many particulars, the attainments of most professors at any period of their lives.

Indeed, Mozart, when a little more than four years old, is said to have been not only capable of executing lessons on his favourite instrument, the harpsichord, but to have composed some in an easy style and taste, which were much approved ; and SAMUEL WESTLEY, before he could write was a composer, and mentally set the airs of several oratorios, which he retained in memory till he was eight years old, and then wrote them down.

Here the difference of education appeared ; young CROTCH, left to nature, was not only without instructions, but good models of imitation ; while MOZART and SAMUEL WESTLEY, on the contrary, may be said to have been nursed in good music ; for as the latter had his brother's excellent performances to stimulate attention, and feed his ear with harmony ; the German infant, living in the house of his father, an eminent professor, and an elder sister, a neat player on the harpsichord, and constantly practising compositions of the first class for that instrument, had every advantage of situation and culture, joined to the profusion of natural endowments.

## Original Poetry.

(From the London Magazines, Nov. and Dec.)

Eleven of our Editors protest that the following Stanzas are "from the elegant pen of the greatest lyrist of the day;" but there is one stubborn soul on the jury that will hold out—and we are therefore compelled to submit it, with its misleading signature, to our readers. Our Eleven, as Mary-le-bone cricketers call themselves, pin their faith upon the passages in *Italics*.

### STANZAS ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

Farewell to thee, Albion! blest land of my sires,  
I saw thy *white cliff like a pearl on the billow*,  
When sunk were thy meadows, thy walls, and the spires  
That I hoped would have *gleam'd o'er my turf-cover'd pillow*.

And thou, whose remembrance will ever awaken  
E'en warmer ideas than the isle of my birth,  
Dearest girl! though awhile by thy lover forsaken,  
His prayers will be thine from the *ends of the earth*.

*May the wrinkle of care never wither thy brow,*  
Or, if grief should impress his rude seal upon thee,  
May it *vanish as fast as the circles that now*  
*Spread and fade round my tears as they fall in the sea.*

Yet with nought but the desolate ocean around me,  
So dreadful beneath, and so dreary above,  
Still a *thousand sweet objects of pleasure surround me*,  
Rekindling my breast, when I think on my love.

When the *branches of coral beneath me are growing*,  
Pellucid as crystal, but rubies in hue,  
I remember thy lips, *how deliciously glowing*,  
When fondly they promis'd they'd ever be true.

While the breezes of eve in soft murmurs are dying,  
*As over the smooth rosy waters they sweep*,  
I believe that I hear my fond Isabel sighing,  
Ere blushing she sinks, overpower'd in sleep.

In the depth of the night, as the maid of the ocean  
Attunes her lone voice to the wild swelling wind,  
Oh! I think of the strain that with tender emotion  
*Oft melted my soul on the shore left behind.*

When the *beams of the moon on the billows*, which, darkling,  
Lie blue as the air, sheds her holiest light,  
Can I fail to reflect on that azure eye sparkling,  
My beacon of hope, that made noon-day of night?

No.—Thus, though the sun of thy presence hath faded,  
The *twilight of memory beams on me yet*,  
And Hope gently whispers, "though now overshadowed,  
"That sun shall arise, brighter e'en than it set.

F.A.B.B.

### THE YOUNG POET DYING AT A DISTANCE FROM HOME.

O bury me not in yon strange spot of earth—  
My rest never sweet, never tranquil can be!  
But bear me away to the land of my birth,  
To a scene, O how dear, and how pleasant to me!  
If you saw how the sunbeams illumine the mountains—  
How brightly they lie in the glen that I choose—  
Could the song of its birds, and the gush of its fountains  
Through *your* souls the rapture and freshness diffuse,  
Which erst, in life's morning, they shed over *mine*—  
O, your hearts would confess, it is all but divine.



\* \* \* \* \*

I know it—the grave which to me you assign,  
 Is black in the shade of your dreary church-wall,  
 Where nettle and hemlock their rankness combine,  
 And the worm and the sullen toad loathsomely crawl.  
 O ! where is the primrose, so meet for adorning  
 The grave of a minstrel cut off in his bloom ?  
 O ! where is the daisy, to shed in the morning  
 The tear it has gather'd by night for my doom ?  
 And lastly—but dearer than anguish can tell—  
 Where, where are the friends that have loved me so well ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

See ! one aged mourner comes, trembling, to place  
 A weak, wither'd hand on the grave of her son—  
 See ! Friendship, to tell how I strove in the race,  
 But died ere the chaplet of glory was won—  
 And Beauty—I plaited a wreath for that maiden  
 When warm was my heart and my fancy was high—  
 See ! Beauty approaches, with summer-flowers laden,  
 And strews them when nought but the blackbird is nigh !  
 Thus, thus shall I rest, with a charm on my name,  
 In the shower-mingled sunshine of love and of fame !

R. S.

(Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag. Nov.)

## MY MOTHER.

In that sequester'd glen my breath I drew,  
 Whilst yet my sorrows and my years were few :  
 To that sequester'd spot, though drear and lone,  
 And every sharer of my heart be gone ;—  
 The Aunt, the Mother, every friend be fled,—  
 My thoughts at solemn intervals are led.—

Where now the homely hearth, around whose blaze  
 I spent with other forms my early days ?—  
 Where now the kindly Dog, my steps that knew,  
 And to my knees in noisy transport flew—  
 Express'd the soul of feeling in a gaze,  
 And spoke affection in a thousand ways ?—

Where now the Cat, whose gausy face express'd  
 The very essence of content and rest,—  
 The cottage weather-glass,—that with her paw,  
 Or sneeze, gave notice of the storm she saw ?—

And where is now the breast that nursed me—where ?—  
 A mother's sleepless, unrewarded care,—  
 That o'er my cradle sung the Widow's wail ;  
 And saw misfortune's blast my birth assail :  
 That watch'd my fatherless and sickly youth,  
 And planted in my heart the seeds of truth,—  
 That toiled and struggled hard my limbs to rear,—  
 And only found repose upon a bier ?—

My Mother ! where is now thy song and tale,  
 That even o'er sleep and idleness could prevail ;—  
 Thy song of heroes, who in combat close,  
 Of gallant Graham, and brave Sir James the Rose ?  
 Thy tale of wonder, sympathy, and dread,—  
 Of little helpless children in the bed  
 Of murderous giant—whilst his knife he drew,  
 And, bless'd mistake ! his lubber offspring slew ?—

And where is now the orison, that rose  
 At early morn—renew'd at evening's close—  
 The psalm and chapter, mark'd with pious care ;  
 The heart-felt fervour of unstudied prayer,—

The simple homage of the heart that flew  
To Heaven's ear, ere spiteful Satan knew ?\*—

My Mother ! all is past—thy woes and fears,—  
Thy prayers and praises here, thy sighs and tears ;  
Thy early watching to provide my fare,—  
Thy late repose, encumber'd much with care ;  
Thy hopes of future comfort in thy Boy,  
That o'er thy labour pour'd a beam of joy ;  
Ere he attain'd to manhood,—all are fled,  
And buried deep in death's untroubled bed !—

All this has pass'd—and o'er the spot of earth  
Which gave such kindly recollections birth,  
Have come the lonely grasshopper and toad,  
Sole monarchs of the waste—sole tenants of the sod.

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(Monthly Mag. Dec.)

### THE GAMING TABLES OF PARIS.

**T**HE first—at least one of the first—places the English visitor goes to in Paris, is to a gaming-house ; he will probably promenade the gardens of the Tuilleries, and walk thro' the galleries of the Louvre, during the day, and then at night take a peep at the play. Seven gaming-establishments are farmed out thro' the town under a licence, which is purchased from the government ; they are controlled by it thro' a committee of administration, and are open to every loiterer from noon of the one day to the dawn of the next. Sunday occasions no interruption of the eager labour. The profits they produce, after the deduction of all expenditure and charge, is averaged at £500,000 yearly ; and it is not unusual, as I understand, with a contractor, the better to secure the continuance of his license, to make morning presents of 100 napoleons to authority : in what quarter I am sorry I do not know.

So much is inquired after them out of Paris, and such eventful news do they supply the daily coteries in Paris with, that I felt much curiosity to obtrude myself,—as the phrase is in London,—into Hell. The fancy at first produced some of the minor's squeamishness : ere I went to be damned, I took a day's leisure to make indirect inquiries, and choose my ground. At length I fixed upon a descent alone to No 9, in the Palais Royal, (Galierie de Pierre,) as a haunt in which, on account of the indiscriminate and humble folks report peopled

it with, I should in all probability fall in with no one I already knew, or might meet again ; and certainly not with a countryman,—for the establishment was not stylish, but rather low. In both respects I misjudged : I passed two Englishmen, heartily cursing the thing, as I went up-stairs ; there were, besides, others in the rooms ; and the first player, whose vagaries particularly caught my attention, was a giddy-hearted boy from Picardy, who lodged at the same hotel with me.

As I opened the door, I found on either side the eyes of a *gendarme*, in undress, fixed upon me. I dare say I looked foolishly ; for I felt rather confused as I ascended ; their presence was most unexpected ; a military beard in a private house does not create very agreeable sensations to an Englishman ; and, particularly, I did not at all like the kind of look they gave me. For a second I bethought myself, and soon mentally decided, when a rogue in Paris pilfers in larceny, he runs here to rid himself of the uneasiness of ill-gotten wealth, and the strong looks of these soldiers are meant as a test of character. My first impulse was to retreat in shame : I had paused ; but a man held out his hand for my hat and switch, so I took the number of the peg on which they were to be, and put it into my pocket. By-the-bye, one is never admitted into any public place in France with them, and the porter always ex-

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\* " Ejaculatory prayer, my friends, carries you to heaven before Satan gets wit o' your intended journey."—*Boston's Sermons.*



pects remuneration for the partial guardianship : hence, as I went about curiously, my hat soon cost me double its value, and for my switch it now lies unused, from memory thereof, in my chamber,—I paid to its worth, I dare say at the rate of a thousand per cent.

Thus I entered and disgust seized me in a moment : the air of the room was heavy and close, where a crowd of men, badly dressed, and poorly featured, silently surrounded a long table, covered with green cloth. For the presumption of a scene of wealth, it was strewn with *rouleaus* of gold and silver, and folds of notes shifted their lettered edges with the lightest current of air, as if temptingly eager to leap into the gambler's pocket. Otherwise, here was no splendor. At the corner seemed assembled literally a generation : an aged father, with long prudential face, and sage experienced hand, ruled the hazardous motions of his son, who wanted hastily to stake for a chance of a capital, with which to set up again the business in which he had only failed during the week ; while the artless wonder of a little boy, the heir of his speculative fatuity, as he fondled him between his legs, served not a little to flush his imagination to a bolder risk. Hence, as my eyes wandered, I observed, one after the other, many a man whose garb babbled distress far more forcibly than eye ever spoke favour ; many a one was there before me no longer what he had been, and many another hoping soon to be what he never was. Down they sat, side by side, in equality ; antient marquis and his old valet ; the man of business and the sheer spendthrift ; the Jew and the Christian ; the soldier and the sexton ; and that most miserable of the born, who ever ended his incessant boast of the former honours his name had held by a lamentation of his own present want and bad luck ; and again, just opposite to him, was the more cheerful wight, who was only remembered by the name he got in baptism, and even that contracted. In a word, on the same old chairs were huddled uncereemoniously together, men of every rank and every character ; the poor and the honest,—aye, honest, I believe, there

were even there ; alike unheededful of the rogue beside ; and the rogue as unpresuming on the honour of a seat next a fellow-creature of decent pretensions.

After twelve at night the scene heightens : the gay of the neighbourhood are admitted. Some of them play, and surprise the men by the grace with which they lose, and the superior ease with which they win : others who lack the means to display this elegant facility in the same manner, advance smiles and sweet words to smooth the cares of the unfortunate, and improve the joys of the winner. Less order now prevails : the girls laugh loudly, and the luckless still more loudly denounce their lot, and imprecate their folly. The banker implores silence, but in vain ; the uncharitable officer at last removes the offender, little heeding the earnest oath, that the next ball is to restore the night's losses.

But to be particular : I moved down to the foot of the table, for a clear view, and soon acquired a knowledge of the game before me—Roulette. In the centre of the table is a cylindrical cavity, for the circulation of a ball, which is thrown in by a marker, and forced into rapid motion by a cross, which turns on a pivot, and barely skims the surface. Inside are promiscuously set, in a circle of little holes, a cypher, a double cypher, and thirty-six numbers, half painted red, and half black. From this sphere to either end of the table, for the company to stake on, run regularly, in three rows, the same cypher, double cypher, and thirty six numbers, half painted black, and half red. The space remaining outside these rows and the edges of the table, is parted, for stakes also, into sections, marked—Red and Black,—Odd and Even,—Missed and Passed. The whole is conducted by six persons, called bankers ; two sit on each side of the cross,—one to spin it, the other to draw in a crook, and pay, the moneys : each of them is relieved, after a while, by his fellow on the opposite side ; and the fifth and sixth are at the top and bottom to distribute the payments as they are tossed down from the bank, and keep the surface orderly.

Just as I took my stand, a banker exclaimed, "Gentlemen, settle your play;" and at these words he threw in the fatal ball of ivory; then struck the cross into quick rotation on its pivot, and in the instant all became eager look and silent anxiety. By degrees the cross exhausted the force it had received, the ball went on gradually slower, the hum of its rounds became feebler; every eye was then strained to a stare; it ceased to be heard, and the banker cried, "21—Red—Odd—Passed." Any stakes on that number, and the sections proclaimed, *won*; all the rest *lost*. Payment was made in a moment, and the losses drawn in without a word.

The many ways in which avaricious hope may be excited, and money hazarded, at this table, constitute the great attraction of Roulette. Indeed so strong and seductive did it appear to me, as I looked into the faces around me, and contemplated many a deep expression *here* of the interest it excited, *there* of the vanity it flattered; and saw speculation after speculation created as more secure, and still more certain; I less wondered to count the thickness of the urgent throng busy before me, with its delusions, than was surprised to learn that with a temptation so specious in their sight, many lived who never had risked a franc upon the cloth.

If a player put money upon a single number, and it happen to prove lucky, he is paid thirty-six times the sum he deposited; if on two numbers together, and one of them be fortunate, eighteen times the stake; nine times if he succeed on one of four, and six times if he win on one of six. He may play upon the numbers of a row, and by the declaration of one of them double what he staked; he may even choose two rows, and the winning number in them, get half what he placed on them. Then come the chances: Red and Black—Odd and Even—Missed, which includes the eighteen first, and Passed the eighteen last numbers; upon these the event of success doubles the stake. As well as the numbers, I observed the cypher and double cypher open for stakes, and similarly paid; so that but for this difference, the game would present

equal fortune to the player and the bank: as it is, they make the odds twenty in its favour to eighteen against it.

The sum risked varied considerably from a piece of thirty sous,—the lowest the administration receive,—to many more napoleons than, from their appearance, I had supposed the parties could sport. The larger proportion seemed, without much thought, to make a single stake upon a single hazard: at times, too, I had to smile with these; as one of them would heartily rub his hands, and brighten his eyes, in agreeable surprise, at the success of inconsideration; but always, and immediately afterwards, I was sure to catch the desponding looks of others, who by the same means became merely spectators of what they were lately possessors of. Some there were who took various chances at a time, deposited different sums upon them, and had the air of proceeding upon a calculation of probabilities: how often they found their notion of them most improbable!

There, the wrinkled measures of age trebled on his brow by the contortions of his profound consideration, sat a man of simple physiognomy and humble appearance. He seemed, as he ought to be, lost in the reverie; for he studied to subject chance to calculation. At last he fancies his point is arrived; in a moment his stake is on the happy section, in another it is lost, and he looks stupified at the result, scratches his puzzled head as the banker withdraws his coin; but then soon gives inferences, by a satisfactory nod, that he has discovered an error, which accounts for all. He resumes his meditative labour; again the supposed moment of favour arrives: he stakes again, again loses, and exclaims, with an oath, that he cannot account for the thing. Still, while his leathern purse contains a fraction, he trusts for a better hour, and continues turn after turn, to rise from dejection to hope, and falls down again to sorrow, until the napoleon he stole from home, without his poor rib's privacy, is expended; and he stalks out of the room in a greater fit of abstraction than he entered it.

My attention was principally fixed by those who looked to be habitual



gamblers ; they circled near the bank, —among them were very old men,—sat provided with a card traced in red and black lines, and were armed with a strong pin, to mark on it the winning section as it was declared, and so form notes of elucidation to guide their progress. They generally played a martingale, that is, stroke after stroke continued to deposit the amount just lost with an additional stake : thus, supported by a sufficient fund, (and it must indeed, be a great one,) studying to secure a gain moderate and gradual. Upon the repetition of such benefit, coolly and invariably prolonged, some men, who want a more reputable means of income, and whose blood has been tempered into prudence enough for the exertion by years of vicissitude and sufferance at it, are enabled to live in genteel enjoyment. Several such were described to me ; two or three pointed out,—one I knew.

At this scheme Dumar of Picardy was earnestly engaged, when his troubled looks drew me behind his chair. A hundred napoleons were before him on the Odd section, and I saw by the card he had pricked that he had lost eleven balls successively. A glass of ice was by his side, (such light refreshment, a drink of wine, or a bottle of beer, are gratuitously supplied by the administration,) with these he momentarily cooled the fever of his passion : his countenance was pale, the pin of calculation trembled in his fingers, and his eyes swelled beyond their ordinary size as he, breathless, fixed them upon the ball. It stopped, and the banker cried “ five ! ” Dumar finished his ice at a swallow, put 200 napoleons in his pocket, and said in a gay tone to the banker, “ Fare ye well,

friend : from this day I never play a sous more.” At the same time, he rose from the table, bowed very civilly to the company, and came and chatted with me. We walked together to our hotel, and I ventured to observe to him, as we went, that I should praise his resolution, but that I imagined, as it was made in one moment of agitation, so it would be forgotten in another. “ You mistake me (he answered) ; I have faults, you have seen ; but you shall also see I have some virtue, and a little determination.” We reached his apartments, and he asked me in. “ There,” he said, as he opened a desk, and rolled into it the night’s acquisition ; “ there, at last, is the round sum 10,000. Look at them, count them. Now, if at any time I happen to fall in love with a pretty face, and wish to marry after my own fancy, and my mother object, why with these napoleons I remove the difficulty.—Come, (he added,) you shall be my friend ; take the key : I’ll pass through a period of probation, and put the power of relapse out of my hands. ’Tis an infernal game : I never before suffered at it as I did to night ! I’ll shun the possibility of feeling so much again.”

I smiled as I took the key, from a notion that it would not be left in my trust for a week ; but two months have passed, and I hold it still. And such altogether I have found to be the complexion of the Frenchman’s character : he will occasionally astonish by the impetuosity with which he dares the most precipitous extremities ; and, though often fearful at his own temerity, he falls irrecoverably, still he will now and then surprise by the ease and levity with which he retraces the path of danger.

#### JULIAN AND AGNES.

The very life of love is confidence.

*Agnes.* Oh, never, never !  
I am vowed to the grave :—I have loved once,  
And woman’s heart cannot again expand  
Like flowers that close at eve, but to each sense  
Unfold their charms.

*Julian (disguised.)* Oh, thou wilt break thy vow :  
Thou art too young, too beautiful, to nurse

Memory’s pale phantoms ! Hope will suit thee better.  
Trust me, fair girl, hope is the sun of spring.

*Agnes.* I do hope—hope most fondly, fervidly,  
One last and only hope, that I shall die !  
For there are starry homes, where faithful hearts  
Shall mingle in their glory and their love.  
I have oft roamed in the blue summer night

And wept with joy to look upon the stars  
 And as they shed their light upon me, felt  
 My *Julian* watched over his earthly love ;  
 His voice has seemed to float upon the winds,  
 Summoning me to the immortal sky.—  
 And I have sought my pillow, and been happy  
 In the sweet dreams that visited my sleep.

*Julian.* These are sick fancies:—love has power to  
 This earth as fair a paradise as ever [make  
 Was fashioned yet in slumber. I have brought  
 From afar treasures that a king would own.  
 That simple lute shall be new strung with gold,  
 And gems shall glisten on it ; delicate pearls,  
 Like those that ruby lip conceals, shall braid  
 Those raven tresses ; and the diamond,  
 Pure, bright as thou art, all shall grace my queen.

*Agnes.* Thy offerings are but offerings to the tomb ;  
 A fruitless pomp, an empty vanity.  
 Why do I listen,—I can never feel  
 As I have felt before ; yet still a spell  
 Is in thy voice that soothes : it has a tone  
 Like music long remembered—like a sound  
 Mine ear has treasured up most faithfully.

*Julian (aside.)* How true love's memory is!—

(*To her.*) The hunter turns not  
 Despairing from the chase because the deer  
 Flies from his pursuit : every obstacle  
 Becomes a pleasure. I will win thee yet  
 If truest love can win ; I'll watch each step  
 As the young mother watches her first child :  
 Your feet shall tread o'er roses, from whose stems  
 The thorns are cleared away ; the air around  
 Shall be so sweet, that every breath you draw  
 Will be enjoyment ; all your waking hours  
 Shall glide away like music ; you shall sleep  
 To the soft lulling of the harp, your pillow  
 Upon a heart whose every beat is yours.—  
 This is your native village : is it dear ?

*Agnes.* Oh, very, very dear ! I know no more  
 Of the wide world than what we now can see,  
 Bounded by the blue sky ; my heart has yet  
 Some things to cling to here : I do not feel  
 Quite desolate amid the many ties  
 Affection here has sanctified. Look where  
 The silent city of the dead arises,  
 Its sole inhabitants the cypresses,  
 Bending their weeping leaves to the black yews,  
 And one huge cedar rearing gloomily  
 His giant height, the monarch of the shades ;  
 The venerable church stands in the midst—  
 The solemn temple where the dead and living  
 Together meet ; you cannot see the tombs,  
 So close the trees spread their green canopy ;  
 But there my mother by my father's side  
 Sleeps sweetly—oh, most sweetly—for they died  
 Each in the other's arms ! They never knew  
 That agony of soul which prays for death  
 But yet lives on. Oh, that my *Julian's* grave  
 Had been by theirs, our ashes would have mixed !  
 But now—

*Julian.* I will not let thee dwell upon thy grief.  
 Look to yon vine-clad hill : the setting sun  
 Streams in full glory on the radiant leaves

And topaz clusters,—the rill, that at noon-day  
 Is bright and colourless like crystal, now  
 Flows red with crimson light ; just by that group  
 Of those old chesnuts will I build a bower—  
 A magic bower, my fairy, for thy home.

*Agnes.* Oh, no—oh, no—not there ! My *Julian* said  
 If ever he returned to claim his bride,  
 Our nest of love and happiness should be  
 Beneath that shade.

*Julian (aside.)* Ah why suspect her truth ?  
 But one proof more, and I will lay aside  
 Disguise and pray forgiveness for my doubts,—  
 How sweet will be my pardon !—(*To her.*) I am come  
 From India, and I doubt if 'tis the grave  
 That holds your *Julian* from your arms.

*Agnes.* Oh, say  
 That he but lives, and I will worship you !

*Julian.* If he but lives ! And have you then no fears ?  
 In absence lovers' vows are fragile things,  
 In India there are rich and lovely brides :—  
 He may not have your own fond constancy.

*Agnes.* I'll tell you what our love has been, and  
 then

Ask you if I should doubt it :—*Julian* and I  
 Grew up together, and our love was hallowed  
 By our fond parents' blessing. I do count  
 Not on a lover's passionate vow at parting,  
 But on the gathered ties of many years :  
 Each tender and each honourable feeling  
 Will guard his heart. Oh, jealousy is but  
 A shadow cast from vanity, which fain  
 Would take the shape of love to hide its own  
 Selfish deformity !

*Julian.* Your confidence  
 Is most misplaced, for I was present when  
 Your *Julian* wedded.

*Agnes.* Gracious heaven, he lives !—  
 I never will be yours, then why traduce  
 The innocent—the absent. I confide  
 Securely in his faith.

*Julian.* I would have spared  
 This pang, but I must vindicate my truth ;  
 He has sent back by me your farewell gifts—  
 Know you this silken curl—this emerald ring ?

*Agnes.* It is my ring ! The braid of hair I gave !—  
 All else but this, oh God ! I could have borne.

*Julian. (discovering himself.)*  
 Oh, my own *Agnes*, pardon me !—look up,  
 It is thy *Julian* calls ! He has not swerved  
 Even in thought from thee—thou hast still been  
 His hope, his solace. Lie not thus, my Love,  
 Motionless on my bosom ; but one look—  
 One word—to say you can forgive  
 A moment's doubt !

*Agnes.* *Julian*, I can die happy.

*Julian.* How pale she is ! My life—my soul—revive !  
 Why did I try a faith I should have known  
 Spotless at the white dove. I cannot feel  
 The beating of her heart. I'll kiss the colour  
 Back to her cheek. Oh, God ! her lip is ice—  
 There is no breath upon it !—

*Agnes* thy *Julian* is thy Murderer ! L. E. L.



## THE FALLING LEAF.

WERE I a trembling leaf  
On yonder stately tree,  
After a season gay and brief,  
Condemn'd to fade and die.

I should be loth to fall  
Beside the common way,  
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,  
Till trodden down to clay.

I would not choose to die  
All on a bed of grass,  
Where thousands of my kindred lie,  
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread  
My thin and wither'd face,  
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,  
A mummy of my race.

No,—on the wings of air  
Might I be left to fly,  
I know not, and I heed not where,  
A waif of earth and sky !

Or, cast upon the stream,  
Curl'd like a fairy-boat,  
As through the changes of a dream,  
To the world's end I'd float.

Who, that hath ever been,  
Could bear to be no more ?  
Yet who would tread again the scene  
He trod through life before ?

On, with intense desire,  
Man's spirit will move on ;  
It seems to die, yet like heav'n's fire  
It is not quench'd but gone.

Sheffield, Oct. 24, 1822. J. MONTGOMERY.

## Stephensiana, No. XIII.

(Monthly Magazine, Dec.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS, &c.

## SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

ON asking this baronet why, as he was able to effect so little in Parliament, he considered it worth his while to hold a seat, he replied that it was a protection, and that without it a public man was not independent of power.—I once advised him to give dinners to his friends, like other men of his consideration. He complied, and I was of his party: but I found it had been served from a tavern, and, even in that way, he said he found it so incompatible with his convenience, that he would never give another. His habits are too unsettled for the forms of society: he rises at all hours,—goes to bed at all hours,—eats at any hour, and in any way,—and is in all things from hour to hour, the creature of his personal feelings. From this cause he never answers letters,—often does not open them; and, in his private connexions, is the most uncertain man alive. He is steady only in his devotion to the principles of liberty; but unsteady even in his measures regarding them. The best of men, yet, from bad habits and personal indolence, the least useful man of his age.

56 ATHENEUM VOL. 12.

## LAMPS PERPETUAL.

Lamps, fed by means of inflammable air, were invented by M. Furstenbergen, a citizen of Basle, in Switzerland. They were greatly improved upon, and, among others, by Dr. Ingenhouz. But the detonating and explosive power of inflammable air, when mingled with a certain portion of common air, made them dangerous, and not to be entrusted to children or domestics: in scientific hands, they were innocent. They would be very useful to burn during the night; for, besides the sparing of expense, the air of the chamber would not be impregnated with the phlogiston, and it would be without that brightness which proves an inconvenience to some persons.

## SPANISH UNIVERSITIES.

These were formerly twenty-two in number; but one-half were suppressed in 1807. A general uniformity prevailed in their modes of instruction, but it rather conduced to superstition than to the preservation or improvement of real learning. Instead of each following their old plans, a new system of education, formed on more excellent mod-

ern models, was prescribed for the university of Salamanca, and this was to be followed in the others. The universities suppressed were—Toledo, Bona, Onnate, Orihuela, Avile, Irache, Baeza, Ossuna, Almagro, Gandia, and Siguenza. Those remaining are—Salamanca, Alcala, Valladolid, Seville, Grenada, Valentia, Saragossa, Huesca, Cervera, St. Iago, and Oviedo.

Unhappily, the forms by which university instruction is regulated place them, in point of actual knowledge, a full century behind the rest of the world. They venture to teach nothing till all the rest of the world has adopted it. Just so, too, it is in all societies called learned: they are governed by the ancient members, and the knowledge of these is always one age behind that of the unfettered part of the community.

#### THE ST. LAWRENCE.

There are not less than 2500 islands in the navigable waters between St. Regis, on the St. Lawrence, and Lake Superior: some of them contain from 10, to 100,000 acres.

#### SINGULAR INCIDENT.

The following remark offered itself to me when on a visit in Kent: I was contemplating part of its scenery. Some of the hills,—although far inferior in point of height to Snowdon and Plinlimmon, in Wales, or to the Cheviot range in Scotland,—possess the appearance of an Alpine region. Nor do they seem to have lost the character and expression of such, if we may judge from one particular, that I have seen more birds of prey there than in any other part of England, Cornwall excepted. If I wanted materials for the amplification of this subject, one might be found in an incident that occurred at Wychling, at a little summer residence appertaining to Samuel Lewin, Esq. A goldfinch was placed on the outside of a window, in a mahogany cage, with brass wires. There was nothing new or striking in this; but while the little songster was hopping about, or singing, in its familiar or agreeable, and simple way, a frightful form of a different kind, that was flitting about in the air, descended with great velocity, pierced the skull of its little victim through the wires, and laid it

breathless at the bottom of the cage. I never knew before such an instance of the daring of that inferior bird, the kite.

#### LAST QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Madame the wife of Monsieur, (Louis XVIII.) was called by Camille, a French wit, and others, in terms very properly considered as rather familiar, if not coarse—“*La grosse femme du gros frere du Roi Louis.*”

#### LAW SAYINGS.

“*Optima est lex quæ minimum relinquit judici; optimus judex qui minimum sibi.*”—That law should be recorded and preserved as the best which leaves the least to the judge; and that judge is the best, the greatest master of his business, who leaves the least to himself.

Intolerance only sours the breast; for it addresses itself to hostile feelings and sympathies. It procures enemies to religion, without gaining it one friend; for, to use the conspiring testimony of another, “it is as impossible to subdue the mind by laws as it is to destroy a fortress by syllogisms.” Truth will support itself, and what is false cannot be bolstered up by authority. I find though I pretend not to account for it, that the French clergy expressed the same, or an equivalent meaning, when the bishop of Rennes in their name, said to Louis XIII. “We do not presume to root out the errors of the Protestants by force and violence.”

#### DEAN SWIFT

Happening to dine for the first time in company with Lady Burlington, and his gown being rather rusty, she supposed him to be some clergyman of inferior note, and mortified him greatly by taking no notice of him whatsoever. After dinner the Dean said, “Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; come, sing me a song.” The lady, being out of her turn, of course peremptorily refused; but, after telling her that he supposed he was taken “for some paltry English hedge-parson,” he actually drove her from the table in tears. On seeing her ladyship next time, he said, “Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured, as when I saw you last?” To which she replied, with the greatest good humour, “No, Mr. Dean; I will



sing for you now, if you please :” and from that moment he treated her with the utmost respect.

## SIR G. SONDES.

Sir George Sondes, bart. had two sons, arrived almost at the age of manhood. Each had a suit of new clothes made of the same cloth, and trimmed alike in every thing, except that, for distinction sake, and by way of pre-eminence, the elder had gold buttons, and the younger silver ; for which the latter bore his brother such a grudge that he murdered him in bed, by using first a cleaver, with which he split his skull, and then a stiletto, with which he stabbed him seven or eight times to the heart. After this bloody tragedy, he repaired to his father’s bed-side, and narrated all the circumstances. He was immediately apprehended, committed to Maidstone gaol, and executed soon after. The unhappy father published a narrative of the melancholy transaction.

## KALMUCKS.

Stewart, the walking traveller, told me that the Kalmucks extract from the milk of their mares two sorts of liquors ; the former bears the name of *koumiss*, and the other is a kind of milk brandy. This latter they distil from the milk, after the cream is taken off. The alembic used in the process they heat with the dung of cattle, and especially of the dromedary ; it gives a bright and clear fire, like turf.

These liquors are very different, though prepared with the same materials. The *koumiss* is a sour milk, that has undergone a degree of vinous fermentation ; it is precisely the same as the *pinna*, a favourite beverage with the Laplanders. The milk brandy is an ardent spirit, obtained from the *koumiss* by distillation.

Sometimes the Kalmucks use cow’s milk for preparing the *koumiss* ; but mare’s milk is preferred as yielding three times the quantity of brandy. In making the *koumiss*, a portion of hot water is mixed with six times as much mare’s milk, equally hot. For leaven, they throw into it a small quantity of old *koumiss*, and the whole is shaken together till the fermentation takes place. To render the same complete,

artificial heat and shaking are indispensable.

To the brandy extracted by distillation, the Kalmucks gave the name of *rack* or *racky*. The word doubtless comes from arrack, a term used in India for fermented liquors. The rack of the Kalmucks, however, as a brandy, is both weak and ill tasted. These liquors (says Mr. S.) are prepared by the women, and from the simplicity of their apparatus, we may infer the antiquity of the invention.

The alembic is made of earth or coarse clay ; a reed serves for the neck of the retort, and the receiver is coated over with wet clay, that the vapour may cool the sooner.

## MRS. WOLSTONECRAFT AND MISS BLOOD.

These two ladies were not of feelings to sit in green and yellow melancholy, “ a worm i’ th’ bud, feeding on their damask cheeks ;” nor yet quite ready to exclaim with one of Dryden’s heroines,

—again I stand  
The jolliest spinster in the land.

But conceiving that they had a right to procure husbands if they could, it so happened that they were both in love, at the same time, with Mr. Curtis, the botanist. They kept a school at Waltham green, while he lived about a mile nearer London, at Queen’s Elm. Prompted by the affections of nature, the current of which it is hard to check, they were accustomed to visit him rather oftener than he could wish ; the character and style of his avocations, as he was celebrated in his line, requiring all his time. This induced him to be frequently denied to them, though it was touching, tenderly, a sore part, for he liked their company very much, if his time would have permitted. But it seems they could not mould his feelings to their purpose. One day they happened to get access to him by means of a stratagem, indicative of attachment ; but their male friend, on this occasion, might know too much,—as, after half an hour’s intercourse, he observed on their retiring, to a young artist, then present, “ These are two clever young women, and I acknowledge myself very much gratified with their company ;

but it is a pity they do not mend the holes in their stockings !”

#### SUMPTUARY LAWS.

Among others at Zurich, in the thirteenth century, prostitutes were obliged to wear red caps, and the musicians at weddings were restricted to two fiddlers, two hautboys, and two singers.

#### LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ELLENBOROUGH.

This was one of the proudest men I ever knew. His condescensions even at dinner-table were too palpably forced, and he seemed to consider himself like a schoolmaster who endeavours to unbend among the youths upon whom he inflicts occasional flagellations. He was nevertheless a man possessed of a dangerous degree of talents, and of a dignified and copious flow of eloquence.

#### MILTON.

There is a simplicity in the style and manner of Milton's prose, that, combined with the strong feelings of a liberal mind, render it very interesting. Whether some of his notions had or had not led him astray, it is evident that his heart was innocent, and under the direction of religion. A knowledge of human nature appears in the following passage, while it forcibly impresses a lesson not more political than moral:—“For this is not the liberty which we can hope for, that no grievance shall ever arise in the commonwealth; that, let no man in this world expect. But when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.” This and other just observations occur in the course of his “Areopagatica.” The motives which gave rise to the following necessarily imply a rational tenderness for the preservation of judicious and useful works. Milton had remarked what Horace alluded to in his *Vicum vendentem, thus et odores!* “He who kills a man kills a reasonable creature,—God's image: but he who destroys a good book, kill's reason itself,—kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up, for purposes to a life beyond a life.”

#### VICISSITUDE OF FORTUNE.

A characteristic trait of this sometimes occurs in the case of ruffians of a more gigantic size. Duke John of Austria, grandson of Rudolph, from being near the seat of sovereign power, the sceptre of state, after killing King Albert, was reduced to the necessity of asking for alms in the New Market at Vienna.—Regular history furnishes instances of Fortune's shifting government, to which good and evil are made equally subservient. The Counts of Hapsburg, ancestors of the house of Austria, were originally stewards of the Abbe of Seckingen, and butlers to the Bishop of Basil.

#### SILK TASSELS.

Formerly, undergraduate members did not wear silk tassels in their Caps. Before the statute of the University permitted their assumption, the Undergraduates of Balliol are said to have applied to the master of that Society, Dr. Leigh, to be allowed the privilege enjoyed only by Bachelors of Arts. To this application Dr. Leigh replied, “Gentlemen, be in no hurry, you shall all wear them by degrees.”

#### COLLEGE PROCTORS.

In the reign of James the First, Mr. Dale, of Merton College, and Mr. Laud of St. John's were Proctors.—The former was a severe man in office, and consequently incurred the odium of many persons; the other was a very short small man. Dale, making a speech on the resignation of his proctorial power, was much hissed and hooted by the Undergraduates present, whereupon it was said by a gentleman of Merton, that Dale was proctor “*cum parva Laude.*”

#### A GOOD REASON.

A gentleman ordered his servant (a regular Pat) to wake him at six o'clock, that he might get ready to start at seven by an early coach, in which he had taken his place, for the country. The gentleman woke and called his man—“What o'clock is it?” “Just seven, your honour.” “Seven,—did not I tell you to wake me at six?” “Yes, Sir.” “And why the devil did not you?” “Because your honour was asleep!”



## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

**EXODUS v. 16.** "*There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people.*"—On the north bank of the river Karaj, the king is building a palace surrounded by a fort, and a town which is to be called Sulimanich, from the city of that name which was taken from the Courdish chief, Abdurakhman Pasha. The spoils of the captured city and country are to defray the expences of its construction. The bricks which form the building are baked in the sun, and are composed of earth dug from the pits in the vicinity, which is mixed up with straw, and then, from the form (or mould) in which they have been cast, are arranged on a flat spot in rows, where the sun hardens them. The peasants who were at work had been, as usual, collected by force, and were superintended by several of the king's officers, who with hard words, and sometimes harder blows, hastened them in their operations. Their fate resembled that of the Israelites, who no doubt were employed in the same manner in building for Pharaoh, and with the very same sort of materials. Their bricks were mixed up with straw: they had to make a certain quantity daily, and their task-masters treated them cruelly if their task was not accomplished. The complaints which they made were natural, and resembled the language used frequently on similar occasions by the oppressed in Persia.—"*There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people.*"

MORIER.\*

**Matt. xx. 1—7.** "*For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard,*" &c.—The most conspicuous building in Hamadan is the Mesjid Jumah, a large mosque now fal-

ling into decay, and before it a *maidan* or square, which serves as a market-place. Here we observed every morning before the sun rose, that a numerous body of peasants were collected, with spades in their hands, waiting, as they informed us, to be hired for the day, to work in the surrounding fields. This custom, which I have never seen in any other part of Asia, forcibly struck us as a most happy illustration of our Saviour's parable of the labourers in the vineyard: particularly when passing by the same place late in the day we still found "*others standing idle.*" and remembered his words, "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" as most applicable to their situation: for on putting the same question to them, they answered us, "*Because no man hath hired us.*"

MORIER.

**Isaiah v. 11.** "*Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!*"—On the 15th of April, 1813, returning from a morning ride about seven o'clock, I saw, at about forty yards from the road side a party of well dressed Persians seated on a carpet close to a rising ground in the plain, with a small stream of water flowing before them, and surrounded by their servants and horses. I afterwards learned that this party was given by a colonel of the king's troops, and that they were in the height of enjoyment when I passed, for they were all apparently much intoxicated. We one day met a party in one of the king's pleasure-houses, under nearly similar circumstances; and we found that the Persians when they commit a debauch, arise betimes, and esteem the morning as the best time for beginning to drink wine, by which means they carry on their excess until night. This contrast with our own manners will perhaps give fresh force to that passage of Isaiah v. 11. "*Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may*

\* Late his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia.

*follow strong drink ; that continue the drought consumed me, and the until night, till wine inflame them !”* *frost by night.”*

MORIER.

Matt. v. 13. “*Ye are salt of the earth ; but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted ? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.*”——Our Lord’s supposition of the salt losing its savour, is thus illustrated by Mr. Maundrel. He tells us that in the Valley of Salt near Gebul, and about four hours’ journey from Aleppo, there is a small precipice occasioned by the continual taking away of the salt. “*In this,*” he says, “*you may see how the veins lie. I broke a piece of it, of which the part that was exposed to the rain, sun, and air, though it had the sparks and particles of salt, yet it had completely lost its savour. The innermost, which had been connected with the rock, retained its savour, as I found by proof.*”——This illustration should forcibly remind us, that the mere profession of religion, the possessing of all the outward properties of salt, will avail us nothing if the saltiness, the grace, the spirituality be gone. It should teach us, likewise, that too much intercourse with the world, like the exposure of the salt to the rain, the sun, and the air, will soon deprive us of all our grace and heavenly mindedness, and leave us spiritless and tasteless in the extreme.

Gen. xxxi. 40. “*In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night.*”——“*At the close of the month of May, (Mr. Morier relates,) the heat proved excessive ; the thermometer varying from 98° to 103° : and not only all articles of furniture, some of which had stood the climate of India and crossed the equator several times unwarped, but even ivory and mathematical instruments were greatly affected and injured by it. And yet,*” he adds, “*we found the nights cool, and the mornings quite cold, the thermometer varying sometimes 30° between the greatest heat and the greatest cold. The difference was sufficiently sensible to enable us to comprehend the full force of the complaint which Jacob made unto Laban, ‘In the day*

2 Kings vi. 25. “*The fourth part of a cab of dove’s dung was sold for five pieces of silver.*”——In the environs of Shiraz, Mr. Morier states, that there are many pigeon-houses erected at a distance from the dwelling-houses, for the sole purpose of collecting pigeon’s dung for manure. The extraordinary flight of pigeons which he had seen alight on these buildings affords, he thinks, a good illustration of the passage in Isaiah lx. 8. “*Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows ?*” Their great numbers, and the compactness of their mass, literally looking like a cloud, at a distance, and obscuring the sun in their passage. He proceeds to remark : “*The dung of pigeons is the dearest manure the Persians use : and as they apply it almost entirely for the rearing of melons, it is probable on that account that the melons of Ispahan are so much finer than those of other cities. The revenue of a pigeon-house is about 100 tomauns\* per annum ; and the great value of this dung, which rears a fruit which is almost indispensable to the existence of the natives during the great heat of the summer, will probably throw some light upon that passage of Scripture, when in the famine of Samaria, ‘the fourth part of a cab of dove’s dung was sold for five pieces of silver.’”†*

Lord Byron.—An article from Italy, dated 30th September, in a Foreign Journal, says, It is reported that Lord Byron is gone to Genoa. there to embark for the United States.

M. Deseine, the able sculptor employed by the French Government to erect the monument to the Duc d’Enghien, died last week at Paris, having on the morning of his death given the finishing touch to his design.

\* The tomaun, when used to express a weight or coin, contains 10,000 silver Arab drachmas, called mehtkals, and which are a third lighter than the Attic drachma. Now the Attic drachma is generally valued at 9 1-4d. consequently the mehtkal is about the value of our sixpence, and hence a tomaun, or 10,000 mehtkals, is 250l. and the annual revenue of which Mr. Morier speaks is 25,000l. Q.

† The pieces of silver here mentioned, are generally supposed to be the shekel, a coin very nearly the value of half-a-crown ; and a cab is a measure of about three pints. Hence, not quite a pint of this manure sold for the enormous sum of more than twelve shillings. How clearly does this shew the extremity of the famine ! Q.



## Varieties.

(From the London Magazines, Nov. and Dec.)

### WERNER, A TRAGEDY BY LORD BYRON.

This drama, as Lord Byron candidly acknowledges in a short preface, is taken *entirely* from the German's tale "Kruitzer," published many years ago in Lee's *Canterbury Tales*, written, (his Lordship says he believes) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection. "I have adopted (he continues) the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story." This is a proper and fair avowal. His Lordship, indeed, could scarcely in honour have made a less explicit one. Yet, full as it is, it by no means overstates the obligation which the author of the tragedy owes to the writer of the story. It may be considered as a proof of the capriciousness of fame, that the name of Miss Lee, who wrote this powerful story, is, although certainly known, yet not so eminent as it deserves to be in English literature. That she is an original genius is now likely to be soon and very widely acknowledged by the attention to her work which Lord Byron's dramatizing it will certainly draw. His Lordship's acknowledgment of obligation to Miss Lee, we must repeat, though full, is not in the least overcharged, and no deduction ought to be made from it by the suspicion of a writer of genius being likely to overrate what he owed to the suggestions of another. It will excite some surprise in the mind of any one who shall compare the prose story and the poem, to observe the patience of a great poet sitting down to imitate and adopt the fictions of a prose writer, and, in many instances, to be the absolute versifier of her sentiments. Of the striking events and characters in the tragedy of *Werner*, Lord Byron does not even pretend to be the inventor. Even where he has changed them, it is by no means for the better. In regard to Miss Lee's story he is nearly about as original as Cowper was with regard to the tale of *Troy*.—Had it so happened that Lord Byron had invented the matter of this tragedy, how many myriads would have considered the invention of its story and characters as laurels superadded to his Lordship's brows—and laurels which ought to have immortalized him, independently of the poetic style and sentiments with which they are set out;—yet Miss Lee, twenty years ago, invented these same characters and events—yea, produced them in some passages with a vigour of expression that is poetry although the language is unmeasured—and yet we hear little about this Miss Lee. One involuntarily recalls the different fates of *Cæsar* with a temple and of *Pompey* without a tomb, in contemplating this contrast of destinies.

As to the story of *Werner*—it has been

twenty years before the public (though under a different name.) It is, in many respects, so fine a story, that if the public has not had the good taste to have known it already, they scarcely deserve the complaisance of its being now told to them, even in order to gratify their just interest in a work of Lord Byron's. Whilst we pronounce it, on the whole, a striking and fine story, we nevertheless cannot pretend to be blind to the peculiarity of taste and genius which it evinces. Lord Byron conveys in his preface, and we are fully inclined to believe him, that it may be said to contain the germ of much that he has written, since perusing the story and before he dramatized it. It guides us to see where Lord Byron formed his taste. His genius he got from Nature. But his taste has been partly kindled and partly clouded by his early perusal of fictions such as this. There is power and there is pathos, no doubt in the story; but there are gross improbabilities, and there is a propensity to force upon our sympathy events and characters which, even if admitted to be probable, harrow our feelings to a painful excess. A youth of twenty is, taken all in all, the prominent figure of the plot. He meets us first in the company of parents who are inexpressibly interesting. He rescues a mother from grief and a father from shame. All the while he appears (at the expense of a good deal of probability, no doubt,) consummately cool and experienced beyond his years; like one of those men, who, as Voltaire said, seem to be born with experience. But let such improbability pass; for thus far the illusion of the story is not unpleasant. But when the interest of the plot has been wound up to the highest, Miss Lee has so determined, and Lord Byron has followed her example, that this youth (Miss Lee calls him Conrad, Lord Byron calls him Ulrick) shall turn out to be the most accomplished and cool villain that ever broke the hearts of parents. He saves the life of a man by a signal act of integrity; yet, after we have loved and admired him to the fourth act, we find that he has been the cool assassin of that same individual whom he had previously rescued at the risk of his life. This same youth of twenty, determines on also assassinating another being, who had once offered to relieve his father with money, when on the point of famishing, and who had been wrongfully accused both of theft and murder, in consequence of a theft committed by the villain's own father, and of a murder which turns out to have been committed by the villain himself.

The tragedy of Lord Byron, we think, is in some respects a less pleasing production than that of Miss Lee. She softens the transitions of characters by prose de-

tails, which, prolix as his Lordship is in particulars, he cannot so well graduate in blank verse. Miss Lee brings forward Josephine, their common heroine, more fully towards the close of the catastrophe, than Lord Byron does; and, by her mild and amiable character, considerably softens the pain of our compassion. It may be asked what Lord Byron has added to Miss Lee's materials?—Certainly, in many passages, a great deal of poetical language and imagery; nothing, however, to the creation of character, excepting one young woman, Ida; and nothing, upon the whole, to the pleasurable interest of the story. It is with no irreverence for Lord Byron's genius, but in justice to Miss Lee, that we say she appears to us to be sometimes more interesting in her mere narrative than his Lordship in dramatic dialogue. But we hold it equally just to allow that his depth of feeling and fervid powers of expression have illustrated one or two of the fine situations, with an effect like increased sunshine on a glorious landscape. To shew how much his Lordship has followed his professed original, we shall only subjoin the following pages of his and of Miss Lee's, in juxta position:—

(*Canterbury Tales*, vol. iv. p. 186, *German's Tale*.)—The scene is when Miss Lee's Conrad, Lord Byron's Ulric, learns from his own father that that father has committed a theft.

(Miss Lee.)—"Conrad, before you thus presume to chastise me with your eye, learn to understand my actions. Young and inexperienced in the world, reposing hitherto in the bosom of indulgence and luxury, is it for you to judge of the impulse of the passions, or the temptations of misery? Wait till like me, you have blighted your fairest hopes—have endured humiliation and sorrow, poverty and famine—before you pretend to judge of their effect on you. Should that miserable day ever arrive—should you see the being at your mercy who stands between you and every thing noble in life—who is ready to tear from you your name—your inheritance—your very life itself—congratulate your own heart, if, like me, you are content with petty plunder, and are not tempted to exterminate a serpent, who now lives perhaps to sting us all."

Werner thus speaks in Lord Byron's tragedy—

"Ulric, before you dare despise your father, Learn to divine and judge his actions:—young, Rash, new to life, and rear'd in Luxury's lap, Is it for you to measure passion's force Or misery's temptation? Wait (not long It cometh like and quickly)—Wait—Wait, till, like me, your hopes are blighted—till Sorrow and Shame are handmaids of your cabin, Famine and Poverty your guests at table, Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not From sleep, and judge. Should that day e'er arrive—Should you see, then, the serpent who hath coil'd Himself around all that is dear and noble Of you and your's, lie slumbering in your path, With but his folds between your steps and happiness—

When he, who lives but to tear from you name— Lands—life itself—lies at your mercy, with Chance your conductor, midnight for your mantle, The bare knife in each hand, and earth as deep Even to your deadliest foe—and he as 't were

Inviting death by looking like it—while His death alone can save you—thank your God, If then, like me, content with petty plunder, You turn aside:—I did so."

In conclusion, we cannot avoid noticing one of the passages of Miss Lee's original, on which Lord Byron has improved. We allude to the festival in Prague, which Ida describes:—

"Ida, Never have I dreamt Of aught so beautiful—the flowers, the boughs; The banners; and the nobles and the knights; The gems; the robes; the plumes; the happy faces; The coursers and the incense; and the sun Streaming through the stain'd windows,—even the tombs Which looked so calm; and the celestial hymns, Which seem'd as if they rather came from Heaven Than mounted there; the bursting organ's peal, Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder; The white robes, and the lifted eyes; the world At peace, and all at peace with one another!"

#### OSMOND, A TALE.

The high reputation which the author of the *Favourite of Nature* acquired, by the publication of those deeply interesting volumes, will not, we are sure, suffer any diminution by the publication of *Osmond, a Tale*, in three volumes. The pleasure we derived from the perusal of the former work, made us look forward with some anxiety to the appearance of *Osmond*; and, we are happy to say, our expectations have not been disappointed. The tale is by no means an artificial one, and possesses but little incident to engage the attention of the reader; but the deep pathos with which it is fraught, is infinitely more captivating. The character of *Osmond* may perhaps be thought a little overcharged, a fault which has sometimes been attributed to that of *Eliza Rivers*; and yet we should hesitate, before we asserted that such a character is entirely out of nature. The history of *Caroline Lascelles* is altogether beautifully told. Her misfortunes and fate are highly affecting, and the way in which they are related would not have disgraced the author of *Clarissa*. What is still better than all this, is, that a strain of the most pure and amiable feeling pervades the whole work.

#### Rostock, in the Duchy of Mecklenburgh.—

On the 21st of May 1822, a Stork was shot on the estate of Count Von Bothmer, on the coast of the Baltic, not far from Wismar, in the Duchy of Mecklenburgh. This Stork had an arrow which was probably discharged at it by some African savage, sticking perpendicularly in its neck. The arrow was two feet ten inches in length, of black wood, with an iron head of rude workmanship, which was fastened to the wood with a string. It projected by nearly a third of its length above the head of the Stork, and the lower part as much below the breast. It was observed that several other Storks vainly endeavoured to free their companion from this troublesome ornament, which it doubtless brought from its winter abode in Africa. A draughtsman of the name of F. Lenthe, made a draught of it on stone; it was afterwards stuffed, and is preserved in the Museum of the University of Rostock.